NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Without Concealment-----Without Compromise.

VOLUME VII.---NO. 15. NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1846. WHOLE NUMBER 327.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
BY THE
AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY.
At 142 Nassau Street, New-York.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor.

☞ All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to the Editor.

☞ Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or to S. H. Gay, Assistant Treasurer, at New-York.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum: Strictly in advance in all cases.

H. M. HENRY, PRINTER.

Pro-Slavery.

From the Colonization Herald.

The numerous agents of the so-called anti-slavery societies of this country, who have visited Britain within the last few years have not aided in promoting the welfare of the coloured man either here or in Africa, nor to increase kindly feelings between our trans-atlantic neighbours and ourselves. Too often "men of the one idea," and unfitted to grapple with the true difficulties of the case, or to embrace schemes of enlightened philanthropy which look to the eventual benefit of the whole African race, they confine themselves to the denunciation of an evil system whose existence is equally deplored by very many of those they so indiscriminately abuse. The slave who has absconded, may have run away from a cruel master, or may have been a bad slave. Such an individual, though he may give a very glowing sketch of the evils of Slavery, is but ill qualified to unite the good men of the sister countries upon any great measures of enlarged and comprehensive benevolence. We have often deplored the consequent state of public sentiment in Britain, when even the most devoted and disinterested friends of the negro have been grossly calumniated by these pseudo-philanthropists; and we fear that little advance is making towards a better feeling, when a letter just received from a gentleman of high standing in Edinburgh, in allusion to such deputations, observes, that "their language is a disgrace to civilized society—but there are so many gulls in this country, that they are not a little run after, and that too, by even ministers of the Gospel. It is such exhibitions, countenanced by clergymen, that bring religion into discredit." But there are other evils beyond those glanced at by our Scotch correspondent, produced by these crusade. They not only tend to widen the breach between the two countries, and prevent the adoption of measures of permanent and far-reaching benevolence in behalf of an unfortunate portion of the human family to whom England and America stand in an equally unenviable position; but they leave the tendency to withdraw the attention of British philanthropists from the consideration of evils exclusively their own and entirely within their own control. Among these, the cruelties and injustice inflicted upon the unfortunate Coolies may be cited. These poor people, although born under the sway of the British sceptre, and entitled to a share of that universal freedom so often claimed as the distinguishing feature of British citizenship, have of late been made the victims of a traffic equally cruel with the African Slave-Trade.

TRICK OF A SLAVER.—We find the following in a letter from Rio de Janeiro, to the New-York Globe. No doubt it was a capital joke to its democratic readers:

"Not many days since, a whaler came into this port, with nine hundred coloured ladies and gentlemen, and landed them all in safety and good health, notwithstanding she had been boarded by an officer from a British man-of-war, who strongly suspected her of interfering with British rights—that is, of driving business in the sale of negroes, which the British have monopolized for some years—but alas! he saw nothing except the casks of oil, harpoons, furnaces, &c. the machinery and appurtenances of a regular-built and unmistakeable whaler. Being in want of oil, the man-of-war purchased three barrels, and left, and the old, rusty, greasy whaler went on in her course, under easy sail; but the cruizer was only out of sight, when, like magic, the canvas increased, till, from truck to rail she was covered, and on she came. She had oil-casks between decks, and her lower hold was full of negroes. She is now here,—is refitting, and is going out for some more oil."

☞ The following peculiarly *decent* and *Democratic* paragraph is from the Coshocton (Ohio) *Democrat*:

"*The Whig-nigger Candidate.*—In a speech recently delivered in Cincinnati, Bebb, the Whig candidate for Governor, proclaimed unalterably in favour of *a repeal of all the Black Laws of the State of Ohio!* This is coming up to the scratch, without flinching. We now know what Bebb's course will be, in relation to the *niggers*, if he should happen to be elected Governor. He will, at once, recommend and advocate the passage of such laws as will place the negroes upon the same footing with white men. Do our readers fully understand what will be the *effect* of a repeal of what are commonly called the Black Laws, or laws in relation to coloured persons? It will be to secure to the negroes all the powers and privileges that the white citizens of the State now enjoy. They will be able to act the politician, vote at the polls, sit as jurors and judges, hold the office of Justice of the Peace, be Congressman, Governor, or hold any other station that may now be held by a white man. We shall have great times when Bebb gets all his abolition schemes consummated. Think, once, of having an important case tried in court, by a jury of half-witted negroes. Listen to the voice of Sambo, in the halls of Congress, in a hot summer-day, ejecting his eloquence through his sheep's-pluck lips, and the soap-grease rolling down his broad nose, like the drippings from a swill-tub. It will be glorious to behold!"

From the New Orleans Picayune.

"THOSE WHO HAVE TEARS TO SHED, PREPARE, &c."

It is scarcely possible to estimate the amount of tears that must have been shed over the following shocking narrative, which we find in an English paper. A friend of ours was so affected by a perusal of it, that his perspiratory functions suddenly ceased their accustomed labour—every drop of moisture in his body being required for this lachrymal occasion:

"*Ripping Open Negroes.*—Senor Geronimo Paez, director of a Brazilian diamond mine, having reason to suspect a negro of stealing diamonds, ordered him to be ripped open, when a magnificent rose diamond was found in his intestines. Encouraged by the success of this experiment he ordered it to be tried on the second, third, and fourth suspected negro, but in each case the victims were innocent, no diamonds were found. This result, however, did not check Senor Paez, who repeated this atrocious act upon two more negroes, but unsuccessfully. His conduct at last reached the ears of the proprietors of the mine, by whom he was summoned before the tribunal of Villa Bella. By the judgment delivered on the 25th of February last, we learn that Paez was ordered to pay Senores Cituentes & Co. the lessees of the mines of Brassala, a sum of twenty-five hundred piastres as the value of the five negroes of whom he had deprived the company by putting them to death, without any utility. No order was made for the first negro, as his death was for the *benefit of the owners!*"

In one of the intervals of his weeping fits, our friend stated that the treatment of the negroes was barbarously unscietific, as the cases should have been dealt with medicinally and not surgically.—Twelve grains of——. Here a gush of tears prevented him from explaining himself more fully.

"The Peculiar Institution."

From the Correspondence of the Cincinnati Herald.

AN AUCTION SCENE.

In the winter of 1840 and '41, having business in Western Virginia, where the peculiar institution flourishes in its mildest form, (be it remembered at this time I was opposed to Anti-Slavery principles,) December 28th, I found myself in Martinsburg, the county seat of Berkley. About 10 o'clock of the aforesaid day, I observed a crowd congregated in the public square, in front of a suspicious looking building, which had very much the appearance of a jail, as it proved to be. On inquiry of my landlord concerning the cause of the meeting, he said it was "a hireing"—in other words, a negro sale—as I afterwards found that a number were hired for life. I walked down to the market, and to obtain a better view, I mounted a large wagon in the street, directly opposite to the stand of the auctioneer, who had commenced his work. He was a large man, dressed in aristocratic style, with a profusion of ruffles, gold finger rings, watch seals, and last, and not least, a large whip, called by drivers "a loaded whip." The hireing I understood to be of a number of slaves of a certain estate, who were hired out from year to year to the highest bidder, for the benefit of the heirs. These sales take place between Christmas and New Years, the holidays, quite a recreation for the slaves who are to change masters.

After a number had been disposed of in this way, the crier announced that he would offer for sale six slaves. He then put up two, father and son. The old man was near sixty years of age, a cripple; the son was about twenty-three, a perfect specimen of a man. There was present two Georgia soul-drivers, who bid eight hundred dollars for both. When the crier remarked it was a small bid for both, the Georgian replied, he would give eight hundred without the old man, as he was of no account. The young man gave the bidder a look that would have shamed the devil; the old man wept bitterly. This son sold at the bid, and the father was sold for sixty dollars to an old farmer who had never kept a slave in his life. Thus father and son were separated. The next case was that of a girl, fifteen years of age. (These slaves had been hired out to different individuals the past year.) She was brought crying upon the stand. With an oath, he bid her to stop "blubbering," and then proceeded with the sale. After enumerating her qualities, he stated that the prospect was good for an *increase of the property*, saying which, the brutal wretch placed his whip beneath her apron, and raised it above her head, exhibiting to the enlightened multitude, the spectacle of a girl fifteen years old, far advanced in pregnancy! She was sold for one hundred and fifty dollars.

The next case was that of a young white woman, sixteen years old, with a young child. I say *white* woman, because the auctioneer said, she was only one-eighth black, and I have seen many of the fair girls of Ohio who could not boast of as fair complexion, or as good figure or features. She came upon the stand with her infant in her arms, in the deepest misery. A gentleman, who had taken his seat beside me, observing that I was very interested, remarked he thought I was a stranger in that country. I answered that I was. "These things look odd to you?" "They do." Said he, "you see that man in the crowd," pointing to one within a few paces of the stand—"that is Dr. C. he hired that girl last year, and that child is his! The Georgian bid three hundred dollars; some one bid four; the Georgian bid four fifty; the girl cast a piercing glance at the crowd, her eyes rested on Dr. C. who instantly averted his face. She gazed one moment, then burst into a torrent of tears. She was knocked off to the Georgian. Thus the fiend saw his child and its mother, sold into Southern bondage. My God! thought I, is it possible? *I was cured of my pro-slavery principles.*

CARLOS.

The writer of the foregoing says—"I am a poor mechanic, a noisy son of Vulcan. You will therefore excuse the imperfect manner in which I have written." Such a communication needs no apology.—*Ed. Her.*

From the Boston Whig.

LIFE IN THE SOUTH.

The Grand Jury in New Orleans relates the following case of an inmate of the parish jail:

In this jail there is a negro, Charles, known to some members of this body as a man of good character, who formerly belonged to the estate of Poma, now deceased, who was arrested and put into prison by mistake for another man. No charge of crime or misconduct against him—his conduct represented by the Warden as good—has been in confinement for four years—no one appearing to release him. We most respectfully recommend, that if in the power of this court, he be ordered to be sold for his jail fees, rather than as he is supported now, at the expense of the State, and in idleness.

Who would suppose such a transaction would take place in a Christian, civilized land, to be followed up by an equally infamous recommendation. The man is said to be of good character, committed to prison by mistake, has behaved well, been punished four years for three good traits, and now is to be sold for his jail fees. Perhaps it will be said, the change will be for the better; but it is a queer way to reward a man for behaving himself—one would suppose such a man might be able to take care of himself.

Selections.

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The official report of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society's meeting, held at Kennett, August 5th, represents me incorrectly, as opposing a resolution which condemned the maxim, of "our country right or wrong." I was so far from doing this that I spoke in the strongest language against that maxim, as interpreted by C. M. Clay and others, to require us to volunteer in aiding our country to commit what we believe to be aggressions and injustice toward others. So interpreted, I have always abhorred the maxim, and expressed that abhorrence, from the time I first heard it to this day.

The editorial report of the meeting states that "the doctrine of *expediency*, which denies the existence of abstract right and wrong, and *of any immutable moral principle*," was advanced at Kennett, and "met with severe and merited rebuke." This account I deem erroneous.

I heard no one deny the existence of immutable moral principles; and for my own part, as one of the persons referred to, I can say that I hold all moral principles to be immutable; and that the true rules of right and wrong are unchanging.

As to the severity spoken of, it struck me that there was a praiseworthy improvement on former times in respect to that senseless severity, which arises from nervous irritability, or from an overweening bigotry, that can make no allowance for those who differ from us in opinion, but are yet as sincere as ourselves, and for ought we know, as wise. It appeared to me, that the speakers were commendably *mild*.

And as to the "*rebuke*;" I understood the speakers, or a portion of them, who rose to make objections, to become ultimately satisfied that they had misconceived the sentiments of those that they at first reproved, and I thought that it appeared in the end that all held substantially the same principles on the subject, though they might differ as to their mode of expressing them, and as to their applicability to particular cases; I also thought that the society itself, by a strong vote, sanctioned the "*expediency*" doctrine that was advanced.

The resolution under discussion, at first reported, condemned the purchase of slave-produce in every case. After the expediency suggestions were made, the resolution was so amended as to recommend abstinence "*as far as practicable.*" "*Practicable*," here, does not mean "*possible*," for we know that it is *possible* to abstain altogether. But it means *expedient*, or best for all mankind. If this were not its meaning, then it would be the duty of the Executive Committee, after the "*rebuke*" of the resolution, to abstain from printing the Freeman on paper produced in part by slave labour, to abstain from buying and circulating the Standard, printed on similar paper, and to put a stop to the purchase and sale of every book and tract to be found in the Anti-Slavery office, having nothing to do with publications if they could not be made without the use of slave products.

I take it that there is hardly a member of the society, that would recommend the use of *free paper*, even if it could be had for the Freeman, and Standard, if it cost so much that its use would quadruple the price of those papers, and thus greatly impair their circulation.

If the Standard shall copy the official report I would thank the editor to publish also this explanation.

THOS. EARLE.

From the True American.

THE CHURCH.

A friend writes us that he is exceedingly sensitive as to attacks upon the Church, and advises us not to make them.

Let him dismiss his fears. We shall make no attack upon the Church, in the sense in which he uses that word.

We think the hope of Government, no less than the hope of the individual, here and hereafter, rests upon a religious spirit. A State may possess power, and the individual enjoy prosperity, without it; but neither this power nor prosperity can endure.

Holding this view, we deem it important that the Church should be imbued with this religious spirit, and we regard it the first duty of the Christian to expose the least departure from it. We suppose our friend would hardly call such exposure, an attack. If not, we have not offended in the manner he intimates, nor shall we.

We do not well see how there can be a difference of opinion on this subject. If the power of the Church be bad, the mere fact that it is exerted by a Church should not shield it from censure. Indeed, we think wrongs in the Church ought to be more quickly exposed and severely rebuked, than wrongs practised by any other human tribunal. And for this plain reason. The Church professes to be the exponent of the truth; men who fill its high places are set apart to guide society and give it light; if, instead of doing this, they direct us in a wrong path, and involve us in darkness, they not only retard the progress of a religious spirit, but they scatter abroad, necessarily, scepticism in belief and licentiousness in conduct.

Let us illustrate: Suppose a large portion of the Church should justify stealing, or any other acknowledged crime. Would it not be right, for the sake of the Church itself, to expose this criminality, and wrong, in any one, to refrain from doing it? Again: The great doctrine of the New Testament, so far as regards the action of man to his fellow-man, is, *love ye one another.* Now, suppose we find a large portion of some particular church, not merely justifying Slavery, but defending it as a divine institution—saying that it is of God, and, therefore, not sinful—are we to remain silent—and, simply because this great wrong is perpetrated by those who claim to be of the true faith, to let it go unnoticed and uncondemned? Should our friend, under these circumstances, as a man, or Christian minister, be so sensitive as to find fault with, or object to such exposure, or condemnation? We do not so read our duty, and we hope he will not so read his.

We have no disguises on this subject. We have faith in truth, and because we have that faith we shall not hesitate to defend it, or to expose those who trample it under foot. We care not who the assailant may be. He may wear the garb of heaven, and be backed by the power of the Church; if he wars against humanity, and seeks to perpetrate or extend, or continue the blackest wrong—that of robbing man of his liberty, and thereby crushing, in letter and spirit, the divine command, Love ye one another—we shall do all we can, in our humble way, to unmask his hypocrisy and destroy his authority.

From the Tribune.

RIDING A DEAD HORSE.

Every now and then, some poor creature makes an exhibition of himself in an appeal to some dead or dying prejudice, which he hopes to cherish into life again to his own profit, and the injury or degradation of his fellow-beings. Such exhibitions have their uses. They mark a stage in human progress,—they indicate the position from which we have last advanced—while they, at the same time, moderate our too sanguine notions of man's actual condition.

The last of these demonstrations that we have noted, is one made by the two most characterless, and unsubscribed-for journals of our city, to raise a breeze against the Harlem Railroad, for evincing a practical belief in the fundamental doctrine of the Declaration of Independence. This company run cars for the conveyance of passengers in and out of our city, and they are naturally desirous of carrying all who offer to go, and are willing to pay. But among these there is often one, sometimes two or three, who are verily guilty of having been descended from ancestors who were stolen from Africa. It would cost at least a dollar a head to carry them in separate cars, so they take seats with other passengers. This of course excites the horrour of those who live by talking of their exclusive Democracy, and their dupes, with whom Democracy means drinking poisonous liquor at the lowest groggeries, and getting an office, or job, occasionally, from the Corporation. These are shocked at the idea of having "niggers" ride in the same cars with (so-called) white men; they make no objection to drunkards there, nor to men who reek with the "putrefaction of sensuality and vice," but a "nigger!"—Faugh!—they can't possibly endure *him*, unless behind their chairs at dinner, stooping over their faces at the barber's, &c.—or, unless he should happen to have the wherewithal to pay for two drinks, when they had none.

—Well, let them sputter on, and see what will come of it.

From the Christian (Jersey, England) Penny Record.

SEND BACK THE MONEY!

SIR,—I am glad I have become a subscriber to the *Record*. One attraction it has for me is the soundness of principle it exhibits on the Anti-Slavery question. You appear to have taken the right, the only safe stand upon the subject. O, that the principles of every journal, and of every church, was "*No fellowship with Slaveholders.*" There is not enough of plain speaking on this subject, by Christian ministers. The pulpit ought to utter with a trumpet-tongue,—"Slavery is one great sin;" and, in the language of that great and good man, John Wesley, "the sum of all villanies."

The following brief extract of a sermon preached yesterday in Union Chapel, (Presbyterian,) in this city, by the Rev. S. G. Morrison, its deservedly popular minister, is, in my opinion, a specimen of the bold and unequivocal style which the subject and the times demand. The preacher's subject was the cure of the Centurion's servant, as recorded in the first ten verses of the seventh chapter of Luke. The divisions of his discourse were very simple,—the SLAVE, the CENTURION, and the SAVIOUR. On the first head, having represented the condition of a sick servant as possessing large claims upon human sympathy, and the poor slave at all times exciting pity, but still more so when unable to pursue his toil, he proceeded to say: "Nothing, my brethren, could exceed the cruelty exercised towards afflicted slaves by their heartless proprietors, whether in ancient or modern times, whether in Pagan or Christian lands. Slavery is evil in itself,—it is that sin which, in its nature, admits of no remedy; and although, as in the text, we may see exceptions to the merciless treatment displayed towards the slave, yet we may adopt the words of Sterne,—'Disguise thyself as thou will, still, Slavery, thou art a bitter draught.' Acquaint yourselves with Slavery during its painful history, trace it from its comparatively mild modifications among the enlightened Roman savages, down to its perfection of villany, and refinement of cruelties, as exhibited among the professing Christians of America, and still you must regard it as the foulest blot upon our nature—the deepest stain upon humanity. I have advisedly said the *professing* Christians of America, for I hold that Christianity is incompatible with Slavery,—that Slavery *as it is* beyond the Atlantic was never sanctioned by the Apostles, and that to recognize slaveholders as Christians, is in direct defiance of the principles of sacred writ. Alas! brethren, that Christianity, which covers all things, can no longer cloak the plague-spot which is enlarging upon the American churches—that charity which hopeth all things, can hope no more that these churches will reform themselves, so long as Christian communities in these lands of liberty hold fellowship with slaveholders. Christianity has enough to suffer, without being now chargeable with this great inconsistency, that she whose breath is freedom, can take to her embrace, and shelter beneath her folds, dealers in the bodies and souls of men. Christianity *permitting* Slavery, would be deplorable; but Christianity inducing her gifted ministers to stand forth the *apologists* of Slavery, is an evil which admits not of exaggeration in depicting its enormity and magnitude,—it is

'Guilt's greatest blunder, and the loudest laugh of hell.'"

I suppose Mr. Morrison referred here to the conduct of the leaders of the Free Church of Scotland—Chalmers, Cunningham, and Candlish, in their late session. Every Christian, and every Christian Church, in the land, should cry aloud, and spare not,—"Send back the money—annul that covenant with death, and agreement with hell."

By inserting the above you will much oblige

Your obedient,

DUBLIN, 20th July, 1846. W. S.

From the Boston Whig.

MR. WILMOT'S SLAVERY PROVISO.

The clearest test of the temper of the House of Representatives, upon the question of excluding Slavery from California, involved in the amendment of Mr. Wilmot, is to be found in the motion to lay the whole bill on the table. It stands as follows:—

NAYS—Free States.		YEAS—Slaveholding.	
Maine	7	Delaware	1
Massachusetts	7	Maryland	5
New Hampshire	3	Virginia	11
Vermont	1	North Carolina	9
Rhode Island	1	South Carolina	7
Connecticut	3	Georgia	7
New-York	28	Alabama	4
Pennsylvania	22	Louisiana	3
New Jersey	5	Tennessee	7
Ohio	11	Kentucky	7
Michigan	2	Missouri	3
Indiana	2	Florida	1
Illinois	1	Mississippi	2
	—	Texas	2
	91		—
			69
Slaveholding.		Free States.	
Kentucky	2	Rhode Island	1*
		Ohio	2†
		Michigan	1‡
		Indiana	1‖
		Illinois	4
			—
			9

*H. S. Cranston. †R. C. Schenck and F. A. Cunningham. ‡McClelland. ‖Pettit.

From the Liberator.

WENDELL PHILLIPS AND "YOUNG AMERICA."

The following is from the New-York "Young America." We "envy neither the head nor the heart of a man," as John Randolph said on occasion, who either cannot discern, or willingly attempts to confound, the distinction between Slavery and Poverty,—between a system which withholds from a labourer the full remuneration he deserves, and one which robs him of his property in himself, and of his every natural, civil, and social right! It shows either ignorance of the first elements of natural morality, or indifference to them.

The British Abolitionists extend their sympathy to the American slave, not because they are ignorant or careless of the suffering of their own poor at home; but because they see in him the representative of insulted and down trodden labour everywhere, and because they believe that they cannot more effectually work for the elevation of their own suffering countrymen than by helping to destroy that system in the bragging republic, which they find the chief obstacle to the redress of the wrongs of labour throughout the world. It is a far reaching philosophy, not a narrow-minded sentimentality, that informs their wise endeavours for the destruction of chattle slavery—the overthrow of democratic despotism.—Q.

WAGES AND CHATTEL SLAVERY.

To the Editor of Young America:

BOSTON, August 7, 1846.

George H. Evans, Esq.:—SIR, I have been some little time a subscriber to your paper, and still longer to the Lowell Advocate of the same views. With some of those views I cordially sympathize, especially with regard to the distribution of the public lands. But I was surprised to notice an article in Young America, headed "Stupidity or something worse," charging the British correspondents of the Liberator with "never having a word to say against the worse slavery of the plundered landless of England."

The writer of those lines has either never read the letters to which he refers, or intentionally misrepresents them. Truthfulness is one of the first elements in the character of a reformer, and no one ever did much for any single reform, who had not a generous sympathy for all. The experience for many years has taught me to distrust the philanthropic professions of any man who *sneers* at the Liberator.

The idea which appears in the same piece, and which has been editorially broached, that a man robbed of land is worse off than one robbed of himself, ought almost to subject any intelligent man, who professes it, to the suspicion of catering to a corrupt public sentiment, and sacrificing the rights of one race in the vain hope of easier securing those of another.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

The paragraph in question has had its intended effect, in drawing the attention of one so celebrated for philanthropy and eloquence to the comparative merits of the abolition and national reform methods of restoring human rights. If it be true, as I most firmly believe it is, that wages slavery, in its legitimate results of crowded cities, debasing servitude, rent exactions, disease, crime, and prostitution, as they now appear in England and in our Northern and Eastern States, are even more destructive to life, health, and happiness than chattel slavery, as it exists in our Southern States, then the efforts of those who are endeavouring to substitute wages for chattle slavery are greatly misdirected, and if they cannot be convinced of their error, they should, if possible, be prevented from making more converts to their erroneous doctrine.

Although no *sneer* was thought of in the case under notice, I am not sure that it was not a case that would justify a sneer. It certainly does appear ridiculous to me, that men living in a population one-tenth of which are paupers, and where paupers are treated worse than felons, in a country where the labouring population are deprived of all right in the soil, and worked by wages slavery out of one-third of their existence to support an idle, bloated aristocracy; it certainly does appear ridiculous that men setting up for philanthropists in such a country cannot find scope for their exertions without crossing three thousand miles of ocean.

The "plundered landless," the wages slaves of England, are organized for the recovery of their right to the soil. It would be uncharitable to suppose that any other cause than ignorance keeps the Liberator's correspondents and the wealthy Abolitionists of that country out of their ranks. It is that ignorance of the proper estimate of existing wrongs and remedies that I would remove, or at least check.

As the Liberator's correspondents seldom, if ever, allude to the great wrong of England, the usurpation of the soil, which makes the working classes the slaves of wages, they are probably in as blissful ignorance of any wrong in the matter as the "young master" of a Southern plantation, who believes that he was born to be waited upon by the dark skins. Both parties should be undeceived as to the wrongs of their geographical position.

Those who, like the editor of the Liberator, are willing to devote themselves to the object of redressing the manifest injustice of society, cannot well afford to be divided in their forces. Mr. Phillips, I think, will yet see, that the men robbed of their land *are* robbed of themselves most effectually. The National Reform measures would not merely substitute one form of slavery for another, but would replace every form of slavery by entire freedom.

From the Nonconformist.

THE REPEAL SCHISM.

SECESSION OF MR. SMITH O'BRIEN, M. P. AND "YOUNG IRELAND."

In the postscript of our last number, we gave a brief sketch of the proceedings of the Repeal Association on Monday week up to the hour of post. The remainder of the day's proceedings was of a very stormy character, and eventually it was agreed to adjourn to the following day. Previous to the adjournment Mr. Smith O'Brien said:—

If the alternative be that presented to us—that one or the other party must withdraw from the Association—for myself I must say, that I do not wish to give in my formal resignation until I am expelled. So far from wishing to oblige Mr. O'Connell and his friends to withdraw from the Association, I would think it my duty to yield, and leave them to pursue their own policy. I shall look on, in the House of Commons and in the country, and by writing and speaking will endeavour to advance the Repeal cause; but I will not attend here to create dissension by expressing a difference of opinion.

Mr. Steele intimated, that should any resolution be come to in opposition to the fundamental principle of the Association as laid down by the father of his country, he should resign his office of Head Pacificator.

On Tuesday, Concilliation Hall was again crowded. The Lord Mayor presided as before; and the combatants mustered in the same force as on Monday. A long letter from Mr. Duffy, of the *Nation*, in denial and explanation of the charges against him and his paper having been read,

Mr. J. O'CONNELL spoke at great length in reply, utterly condemning the policy of the Nation, and declaring that the Association was not safe whilst there was any connection whatever with that paper. He quoted from the speeches delivered by his father at "monster meetings," to show that he was directly opposed to the exercise of physical force, unless in the event of a contingency which it was very unlikely should ever occur. [This meant, we believe, an armed assault on the people of Ireland; which Mr. O'Connell would have held to justify an armed resistance.]

Mr. MITCHELL, the reputed editor of the *Nation*, followed; defending that journal, and stating that if he were compelled to withdraw from the Association he would struggle for the redemption of his country in any field that was left open to him.

Mr. STEELE proposed to bring the dissentients to a test—a solemn abjuration, that in no case, or under no contingency, except that of being attacked, did they meditate a recourse to physical violence. If the young gentlemen would not take that test, the sooner they left the Association the better.

Mr. MEAGHER proceeded to explain the grounds on which he differed with Mr. O'Connell, as to the morality of using physical force for the achievement of national objects. He could not concur in the opinion propounded by Mr. O'Connell, that no political amelioration was worth the shedding of one drop of blood; on the contrary, he held that there were many benefits of a national character which were well worth the expenditure of much bloodshed:—

The man that will listen to reason, let him be reasoned with. But it is folly to talk of reasoning with that can alone avail against battalioned despotism.—[Loud cheers.] Then, my Lord, I do not disclaim the use of arms as immoral, nor do I believe it is the truth to say that the God of Heaven withholds his sanction from the use of arms. From the day on which, in the valley of Bethulia, he nerved the arm of the Jewish girl to smite the drunken tyrant in his tent, down to the hour in which he blessed the insurgent chivalry of the Belgian priests, his Almighty hand has ever been stretched forth from his throne of light to consecrate the flag of Freedom, to bless the patriot's sword. [Loud and enthusiastic cheering.] Be it for the defence, or be it for the assertion of a nation's liberty, I look upon the sword as a sacred weapon. ["No, no," from the Rev. Mr. Hopkins.] And if, my Lord, it has sometimes reddened the shroud of the oppressor, like the anointed rod of the high priest, it has, at other times, blossomed into flowers to deck the freeman's brow. [Cries of "Hear," and applause.] Abhor the sword, and stigmatize the sword? No, my Lord, for, in the cragged passes of the Tyrol, it cut in pieces the banner of the Bavarian, and won an immortality for the peasant of Innspruck. [Cheers.] Abhor the sword and stigmatize the sword? No, my Lord, for at its blow a giant nation sprang up from the waters of the far Atlantic, and by its redeeming magic, the fettered colony became a daring, free republic. [Cheers.] Abhor the sword and stigmatize the sword? No, my Lord, for it scourged the Dutch marauders out of the fine old towns of Belgium, back into their own phlegmatic swamps, [cheers]—and knocked their flag and laws, and sceptre and bayonets, into the sluggish waters of the Scheldt.—[Enthusiastic cheering.] My Lord, I learned that it was the right of a nation to govern itself, not in this hall, but upon the ramparts of Antwerp. [Cheers.] I learned the first article of a nation's creed upon those ramparts, where Freedom was justly estimated, and where the possession of the precious gift was purchased by the effusion of generous blood. My Lord, I admire the Belgians, I honour the Belgians for their courage and their daring, and I will not stigmatize the means by which they obtained a citizen King—a Chamber of Deputies. Abhor and stigmatize the sword? No! [Loud cheers.]

Mr. John O'Connell started up. He could no longer hesitate about the course he had to pursue: the deepest conviction upon his soul was, that such language was not safe. The sentiments which Mr. Meagher had avowed, were sentiments directly and diametrically opposed to the sentiments of the founder of the Association; and, therefore, either he or Mr. Meagher should cease to be a member of that Association.

Captain Broderick: "Nor can I remain any longer" [cheers].

Mr. Steele: "Nor I." [loud cheers].

Mr. Smith O'Brien entered his protest against the manner in which Mr. Meagher had been put down by Mr. John O'Connell, when pursuing his legitimate argument.

Mr. John O'Connell replied:—

The question is not, as Mr. O'Brien states, shall a young man be put down in this association? but the real question is, shall that young man put down this association [loud cheers]? For I declare it is my solemn conviction that the language Mr. Meagher has held is most dangerous [loud cries of "No, no," cheering, and confusion]. We did not invite them to this discussion; it has arisen incidentally out of the resolutions on which the association is founded, and which are framed on that board. It surely must be allowed, that in proposing those resolutions, the founder of this association knew his own mind? [cheers]. If gentlemen entertain different opinions from his, they have the power of turning him from this association, and making it their own ["No, no"]. It is simply a question between him and them. He founded this association on the basis of these resolutions. Will they stand by them? If not, let them adopt other resolutions and another leader [loud cries of "O'Connell O'Connell," and enthusiastic cheering].

Here Mr. Smith O'Brien abruptly left the hall, with the apparent intention of not returning. He was followed by Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Meagher, Rev. Mr. Meeham, Mr. Smith, Captain Bryan, and others. Their departure created some sensation, followed by considerable noise. Many rushed to the doors, whilst those who remained were enthusiastic in their cheers for O'Connell, repeal, and old Ireland which continued for several minutes. During the cheering, Mr. O'Connell endeavoured to obtain a hearing, without effect. Silence being at length restored,

Mr. J. O'Connell continued:—

This is not a time to speak—it is a time to weep. Let us retire from this hall to mourn over the loss we have sustained. Let us not think of meeting until Monday next, when I hope Mr. O'Connell will be here to try to repair the breach that has inevitably occurred. We deplore their loss, but we will not increase the bitterness of their hearts by using towards them one single term of reproach or exhibiting any feeling of triumph over them [loud applause.].

The meeting then adjourned until Monday next. The persons collected outside the building cheered Mr. O'Brien and his party loudly on their departure from the hall. Mr. O'Brien and those who accompanied him did not formally resign their membership.

Communications.

At the request of an eminently pious, distinguished friend to the cause of the moral and religious elevation of seamen, without regard to colour, I commence publishing a series of articles on the character and condition of coloured seamen. My object is to do good, not notoriety. It is a shameful fact that the coloured sailor has to contend with insurmountable difficulties in his own and foreign countries, which if inflicted upon white seamen, that country, of whatever nation, would be visited with the wrathful indignation of this model Republican Government. This invidious distinction unhappily exists in this boasted land of freedom. It is pecuniarily oppressive to the coloured sailor; it physically and morally degrades him without any hope of redress. Will the religious and secular presses, the clergy, the civilian, the philanthropist, and the politician, see to it that justice, even-handed justice, is dealt out to the poor toiling coloured mariner? "For righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

WILLIAM P. POWELL.

NEW-YORK, August 31st, 1846.

COLOURED SEAMEN—THEIR CHARACTER AND CONDITION.

"Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!
Rocks, waves, and winds, the shattered bark delay,
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away."

Of all the classes of our people who labour and toil for the common necessaries of life, there are none who undergo more hardships and perils, with the loss of life, liberty, health, and strength, than the sailor. He forsakes his home—father and mother—brothers and sisters—wife and children, braves the dangers of unknown seas, and with his nautical skill, circumnavigates the globe, and guides the frail bark back to the port of destination.

Who! but the sailor can describe the beauties of old Ocean's majesty? Spread out into one vast, broad, expansive, transparent mirror, reflected by the glorious King of day, as he rises to greet the night-worn mariner, dancing upon the eastern horizon, as with joy at the commencement of his dismal labours.

Who! but the sailor can describe the awful, solemn grandeur of old Ocean's fury? Yesterday, a dead calm, to-day all is commotion at the breath of Him who separated the water from the dry land, mountains upon mountains of waters rise up and dash against each other with apparent delight, foaming with rage, the poor devoted bark struggling to mount the angry waves

Tossed to and fro
Then plunging in the deep abyss below.

"Lord save us, or we perish"! exclaims the exhausted mariner, and He—the—commands, "Peace—be still!" All are saved. Such is the life of the sailor. Oh, God, protect and defend him, return him home safe to his anxious family and friends; ladened with the rich experience of thy saving grace in the hour of peril and danger!

In giving a historical sketch of the character and condition of that class of our people, whose home is on the bosom of the mighty deep, I am aware that abler pens have already awarded to the sailor the TRIDENT, and crowned him conqueror of all he surveys. But very little, if anything, is recorded in history in commendation of the coloured sailor's intrepidity, whether engaged in the naval or merchant service. So that every fact in connection with the splendid naval victories in which the coloured sailor participated, for the good of his country, is studiously avoided by historians.

If, however, historians considered all men equal in the time of national difficulties, as did the venerable hero of the battle of New Orleans, then I shall brand them as violating the nation's faith and honour, for not giving the truth, and nothing but the truth. In consequence of this lack of truth, I am compelled to draw my own conclusions from such facts as I may gather, in order to base my statement upon fair and just premises.

In order to form a correct opinion of our sea-faring brethren, it will be necessary to make the following inquiries. 1st. Statistics of coloured seamen in the United States. 2d. Statistics of coloured seamen imprisoned in Southern and foreign ports. 3d. Statistics of coloured men, captains, and officers, of merchant and whaling vessels. 4th. Their social, civil, moral, and religious character. 5th. A plan to promote his moral and religious elevation.

"CONSISTENCY IS A JEWEL."

TO REVEREND C. C. FOOTE—SIR:—In the Albany Patriot, of August 19th, I see a letter from you, addressed to Doctor Hudson and myself, in which you charge us with dishonesty. You say: "Consistency is a jewel. If you are for dissolving the Union, for no Government, for no ballot-box, for no politics, for no Liberty party, why not say so, out and out, to all the people? Show your hand. Nail your colours to the mast-head. Let us have no shuffling, and double-dealing. James C. Jackson and myself frequently cross your path, and, if rightly informed, you depend on Liberty-party men to get up your meetings, put up at their houses, live on their money, and are supposed, by them, to be Liberty-party men yourselves, while, if we understand you, you are the sworn foes of this party, affirming it to be one of Slavery's allies, and call on all true Liberty-party men, to give Doctor Hudson and William W. Brown a good letting alone."

Now, Sir, the following facts will serve to show up the malignant falsehood, and evil and hypocritical design of your letter:

First, our hand-bills are printed on a large sheet, in capitals, "*No Union with Slaveholders.* Doctor E. D. Hudson and William W. Brown, Agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will hold an Anti-Slavery Meeting," &c. These hand-bills, in all cases, have been sent on ahead of us.

Second, Liberty-party men, in conventions and private circles, discussed the subject of our coming into this region, and concluded to give us their aid in getting up meetings, and to extend to us their hospitality. This is their own confession.

Third, while some true-hearted, Liberty-loving, truth-seeking, Liberty-party men and women, have given us their aid, and done all in their power to make our paths smooth, others, governed by a partisan spirit, bigoted sectarians, "lovers of themselves more than the truth," have done all in their power to keep the people away.

Fourth, our course has uniformly been consistent,

"without concealment, without compromise." At all times, and in all places, advocating "No Union with Slaveholders," as the only rational and legitimate remedy for Slavery. You contradict yourself; for, you first charge us with sailing under false colours, "double-dealing," and then, with trying to "sap its foundation," affirming it to be one of "Slavery's allies;" trying to "destroy them, without letting them know what you are about." Sir, you must think the Liberty-party men in Western New-York are great fools, to hear us and not know what we are talking about.

But here is the secret:—"I warn all true Liberty-*party* men, to give Doctor Hudson and William W. Brown a good letting alone." In this last sentence, Mr. Foote, you show your *cloven foot*. Your sole object was to have your letter go on ahead of us, and to prevent us, if possible, from getting a hearing. But, if that is what you intended, you have missed your aim. I have taken the pains to read it at all of our meetings; it serves as a kind of recommendation, for recommendations from clergymen are generally considered good. Yes, a clergyman—

"A mere disguise, in which a devil lurks,
Who yet betrays his secret by his works."

You ask us to "show our hand." One of us has *black* hands, yet we are not ashamed, or afraid to show them. You ask us to "nail our colours to the mast-head." Look on our hand-bills, and there you will find them, "*No Union with Slaveholders;*" and when you charge Doctor Hudson with "shuffling, and double-dealing," you lay the "action too high." Even those of your own *party*, who are acquainted with Doctor Hudson, will not countenance the charge. You are only echoing the slang that was put out in '43, by Alvan Stewart, when our agents came into this State, "Withhold your hospitality." "Give them a good letting alone." These are the arguments of political demagogues, and office-seeking priests. You call on all true Liberty-*party* men to keep away from our meetings. *Party* men may do it, but there are Liberty men in Western New-York who are Abolitionists, not *party* men, and such are not afraid of *free discussion*, if C. C. Foote is. "Consistency" is, indeed, "a jewel," and I would that C. C. Foote were consistent.

Yours, truly,
WILLIAM WELLS BROWN,
Western New-York.

LETTER FROM DELAWARE.

The editor of the Standard has noticed my letter in a style and manner that fully confirms the opinion I formed of the paper—that its want of toleration was the greatest enemy it had to contend with.

I shall make no reply to his strictures, except to correct an error he has fallen into by charging me with a wilful perversion of Mr. Garrison's words. He says the character of B. Webb's communication will be evident enough to everybody, from one fact. It says: "It (the Liberator) hopes C. M. Clay may be the first to perish on the plains of Mexico. Such a sentiment would suit the middle ages to light up the fires of an Auto-de-fe, but will make a dark spot in a higher and more advanced civilization."

The editor then comments upon this paragraph in the following manner: "Now, who would believe, who did not see the Liberator, that Mr. Garrison has never uttered such a sentiment as this, and that it is only by a wilful perversion of his words that any character of B. Webb's charity, kindness, and love of truth."

I will now quote the article, word for word, and leave the reader to judge of this strange accusation. In number 806 of the Liberator, June the 16th, we find the following, under the editorial head: "If this statement be true, (referring to a late account,) and C. M. Clay has gone to assist in the conquest of Mexico, then we trust he will be the first to perish on the Mexican soil, an ignoble death." Now, can the editor of the Standard read this article and not take back the charge he makes against me, of "wilful perversion of Mr. Garrison's words"? We will see. I hope he may have courage to meet the predicament he has placed himself in, like an honourable man.

Since writing my communication for the Standard, I have seen an apology of Wm. L. Garrison's to an esteemed friend, who it appears was shocked like many others, at understanding the article to mean what it said, "That we trust C. M. Clay may be the first to perish on the Mexican soil." But I cannot see that the apology he makes, gives him any relief. It appears that he meant it as a kind of retributive justice on C. M. Clay; but this kind of justice being altogether an attribute of Omnipotence, it is a little unaccountable how Wm. L. Garrison could conceive that it would better his situation to assume such a position. The meaning of words cannot be easily changed; and the expression being made, as I presume, under a feeling of disappointment, that many of us felt as well as himself, the best way to mend it now, is to take it back, and be more guarded in future; for any palliation, apology, or excuse, whatever, for uttering such language will only make the matter worse.

B. WEBB.

WILMINGTON, 8th mo. 1846.

Anti-War Meeting in Williamson.

FRIEND GAY:—This is the first meeting, to my knowledge, which has been held in Western New-York to protest against the iniquitous Mexican war, which the whole community *profess* to deplore; and manifest great anxiety for an early and *honourable* peace. Strong and decided ground has been taken in some Anti-Slavery meetings, against the war, on account of its pro-slavery designs and purposes; but this meeting was called to utter its convictions in the first place against all war, and in the second place against the present war in which our country is engaged, in particular.

After the organization a committee was appointed to bring in resolutions. A series, embracing general principles, was reported by the Committee unanimously, and a minority report, applying those principles to our own Government, and calling upon individuals who embraced them to absolve themselves from all allegiance to it, so long as its powers were prostituted to purposes so directly at variance with the principles of peace and justice. The minority report was laid upon the table, and the meeting proceeded to the consideration of the other resolutions.

The discussion elicited a variety of opinions from the different individuals who engaged in it, and the spectre of non-resistance seemed to stalk before the visions of some with appalling tread. This seemed to render it necessary for every one to "define his position," and state to what extent the beautiful principles of Peace should be applied. One individual, who is recognized as an ambassador of the Prince of Peace, stated that although he was opposed to war, yet if his wife and family were attacked by ruffians, and maltreated or attempted to be dragged off to slavery, he should defend them by his own right arm, which God had given him for the protection of his rights. Another individual, under a plain coat, said he thought it was not advisable to drag in extraneous topics (alluding to the minority report)—attend to one thing at a time—we could all agree upon the resolutions under discussion, and say that we were opposed to war—and that it would be time enough to settle their application when the occasion arose which called for it—"sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

My purpose in noticing the proceedings of this Convention is not to bring the subject of Peace before the attention of the readers of the Standard, but to advert to the lamentable fact, that so few of those even who are numbered among reformers and "fanatics," in our Slavery-cursed country, are willing to carry out their avowed principles—if the wicked laws of wicked men stand in the way. This Government is not only engaged in an aggressive war upon a weak nation, but a war for a most nefarious purpose. And yet, while it is thus debased and perverted, the friends of freedom and peace seem to cling to it with undying tenacity; and when they are reminded of the violation of the principles to which they subscribe, in sustaining such relations, the old, worn-out cry of "extraneosity," and "dragging in," is resorted to.

The meeting continued through the day and evening. There was some warm and earnest debate. The evening was devoted to the Mexican war, and I apprehend some important truth reached the hearts of some of the audience, and that it will do its appropriate work.

J. C. HATHAWAY.

8th mo. 26th, 1846.

Letter from Samuel Brooke—H. S. Gilmore's School—Concert by the Scholars.

H. S. Gilmore, of Cincinnati, a gentleman of ample means, and one of those but too seldom met with who prefer to employ their income in benefiting mankind rather than in selfish gratifications, recently established a school in that city for the purpose of educating coloured persons of both sexes. The name of the institution is the Cincinnati High School.

A select choir from the school are, during the summer vacation, giving musical concerts, the proceeds of which will be applied to the education of indigent coloured persons. As they visit Western New-York for a short time, I wish to bespeak for them through the columns of the Standard, full houses.

I attended their concerts on two evenings, in Cleveland, and was highly gratified in listening to their admirable performances, both in singing and declaiming, and also to witness the enthusiasm of their audiences.

Those who listen to them must be convinced that the coloured youth of this country are as susceptible of cultivation, of refined taste, and elevated sentiments, as the whites; and their performances cannot but have a happy influence in overcoming this wicked prejudice against the coloured person. Respectfully,

SAMUEL BROOKE.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, SEPT. 10, 1846.

We publish with great pleasure the following communication from an esteemed correspondent in England.—[ED.

Mr. Garrison in England.

To the friends and subscribers to W. L. Garrison's mission to Great Britain.

Generous and devoted Abolitionists of America!

The cherished champion of the cause of the oppressed, whom your liberality has assisted to tread once again the shores of this country, is amongst us. We thank you for the privilege you have enabled us to enjoy. Be assured that your generosity and self-denial will be richly rewarded by the results of his presence, and labours on these shores. Already Mr. Garrison has accomplished a great and good work, and a wide and promising field is yet before him. Mr. Garrison landed at Liverpool during the evening of Friday, the 31st ultimo. On the evening of Monday, the 3d instant, he reached London, and was met at the railway station by George Thompson, whose guest he became during his sojourn in the metropolis. He was well employed during the week in conversing with persons from various parts of the United States, and [illegible] every evening.

At ten o'clock on Monday morning, the 17th instant, about fifty friends, of both sexes, met Mr. Garrison in one of the rooms of the Crown and Anchor Tavern, Strand, to consider the propriety of promoting the formation of an association, auxiliary to the American Anti-Slavery Society. The Chair was ably filled by James Haughton, Esq. of Dublin. The Rev. Joshua V. Himes, Henry Clapp, H. C. Wright, and Frederick Douglass, were among those present. Mr. Garrison entered into a most lucid and instructive detail of the progress of the Anti-Slavery cause in the United States, from the period when the banner of Immediate Emancipation was unfurled, in 1831, to the adoption of the present rallying cry of the abolition host, "No union with slaveholders." His address, though long, was listened to with profound attention. Mr. Himes followed, in an eloquent speech, in the course of which he fearlessly unveiled the state of the American churches, and paid a glowing, heartfelt, and just tribute to the steadfastness of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and the unwavering constancy and rare sagacity of its beloved President—Mr. Garrison. Mr. Clapp rose, and in a cautious style, and conciliatory tone, said a good word for the LIBERTY PARTY, stating at the same time his own inability to join their movement. Mr. Garrison then took the floor again, and, in a few sentences, which will never be forgotten by those who listened to them, disposed alike of the party vindicated, and their vindicator. The latter, he described as one of the most virulent opponents of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, and warned all present against receiving his testimony on the subject of the comparative character and efficiency of professing American Abolitionists.

George Thompson rose, and in an animated speech, denounced the conduct of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, in reference to the AMERICAN Anti-Slavery Society, and the persons prominently connected with it. He reviewed the proceedings of the Convention of 1840—the subsequent promulgation of anonymous and atrocious libels against the character of W. L. Garrison—the refusal of that society to publish a reply to the statement of the new organization Party, and concluded by an earnest exhortation to all assembled, to lend their aid to that body, that, spurning compromise, and welcoming to their platforms all who loved the slave in sincerity, had held on their way without faltering and without fear to the present time.

Mr. Clapp retired, and the meeting adjourned at half-past three, to meet again at six, leaving a committee to prepare the draft of a preamble and constitution for a new association, to be submitted for adoption in the evening.

On the re-assembling of the meeting, Mr. Thompson reported the following, as the name, Constitution, object, and principles of a new association, which was unanimously adopted:

ANTI-SLAVERY LEAGUE.—CONSTITUTION AND OBJECT.

Whereas there are in the United States of America three millions of the human race held in chains and Slavery, by a power which sacrilegiously usurps the proprietary right of the Creator; and whereas these three millions of slaves, in their utter helplessness and degradation, make their appeal to the friends of humanity throughout the world; and whereas the cause of humanity is not bounded by country or clime, nor moral obligations and duties circumscribed by geographical limitations or governmental restrictions; and whereas the God of the oppressed, who hath never left himself without witness, hath raised up for the slave population of the United States, friends who are nobly and faithfully struggling to obtain liberty for the captive, by the prosecution of moral and peaceful measures;—

Therefore, we, the undersigned, desirous of showing our "remembrance of those in bonds, as bound with them," and believing that we can essentially serve the cause of those in bondage by acting with the uncompromising Abolitionists who compose the "American Anti-Slavery Society," do, agree to form ourselves into an Association, to be called the "Anti-Slavery League," based upon the following principles:—

Art. 1. That slaveholding is, under all circumstances, a sin of the deepest dye, and ought to be immediately abandoned.

Art. 2. That the members of this League shall consist of all persons subscribing to the foregoing principle, without respect of country, complexion, or religious or political creeds.

Art. 3. That the sole object of this League shall be the overthrow, by means exclusively moral and peaceful, of Slavery in every land, but with special reference to the system now existing in the United States.

Mr. Garrison again addressed the meeting, and was followed by several other gentlemen, one of whom ventured to call in question the soundness of the Anti-Slavery principles of the clerical delegates to the World's Temperance Convention, and the proposed Evangelical Alliance, and amongst them, of the Rev. Dr. S. H. Cox, of Brooklyn. On this, a person rose and said, an American gentleman was by his side, who had assured him that Dr. Cox was a thorough Abolitionist. Mr. Garrison expressed a wish that the American (who was sitting concealed in a window recess) would show himself, as perhaps, if he were known, it might be possible to judge what was the value of his testimony. The American stood up, and was instantly recognized as Mr. Sidney Morse, the editor of the *New-York Observer*. He spoke He said Dr. Cox was everywhere in America known as an ultra Abolitionist—as a man who had been a martyr in the cause of the slave; he did not, therefore, deserve the suspicion which had been cast upon him. (Cries of "Are you an Abolitionist?" "Yes, I am an Abolitionist—an old-fashioned Abolitionist. Slavery is the curse of curses. I would give half my property to get the system abolished. The 'Abolitionists,' so called, however, are the worst enemies of the slave. They have done infinite harm," &c. &c. Mr. Garrison rose, and soon enlightened the assembly on the subject of Mr. Morse's abolitionism, by giving the history of the Observer. Mr. H. C. Wright followed. Mr. Douglass succeeded him. Mr. Thompson brought up the rear. Mr. Morse was then catechised by the assembly, and at last declared that he saw no sin in slaveholding, a declaration which called forth the strongest expressions of indignation from all present. Mr. Morse, however, stood his ground, assailed England for having entailed Slavery upon America, and pointed to the benevolent and successful efforts of the Colonization Society in contrast with the wild and pernicious schemes of the Abolitionists. Dr. Cox was again brought upon the carpet, and Mr. Garrison, after stating that that gentleman had filled the Moderator's Chair in the New School General Assembly of the present year, proceeded to read from the papers of the New-York Evangelist, the speeches of the slaveholding ministers in the assembly. He was followed by Mr. Wright, who produced a letter from a person present during the sittings of the assembly, in which the conduct of Dr. Cox was particularly described, and the fact stated that for his defence of the slaveholding ministers and elders, he had received the special thanks of that man-stealing brotherhood.

The meeting did not separate until half-past eleven. We were more than eleven hours engaged in discussion. Alas! for Mr. Morse.

The League being formed, it was considered proper, by the Committee of that body, to hold a public meeting, and accordingly, one was convened for last evening, the 17th instant. Though the admission was by tickets, sixpence each, the spacious hall of the Crown and Anchor was crowded.

GREAT MEETING
OF THE
ANTI-SLAVERY LEAGUE.

The platform was densely crowded by ladies and gentlemen.

The entrance of Messrs. Garrison, Douglas, H. C. Wright, Vincent, Thompson, and the members of the Committee, was hailed with universal plaudits.

GEORGE THOMPSON was unanimously called to the chair.

The post-hour is now arrived, and I can do no more than cut from the columns of the Morning Herald a very brief and imperfect report, promising you a full and accurate one by the next mail.

Farewell. We will take good care of Mr. Garrison. He is scarcely less dear to us than to you. We will send him back, freighted with the sympathies, and strong in the confidence of thousands in this country, and wafted by many earnest prayers that his life may be spared, until [illegible] of Universal Emancipation. Yours,

A LEAGUER.

ANTI-SLAVERY LEAGUE.

A public meeting took place last evening at the Crown and Anchor tavern, Strand, for the purpose of forming a league for the suppression of Slavery. A great number of the friends of humanity were present, and several gentlemen, well-known for their unremitting exertions in this cause, addressed the meeting. Amongst the latter were Mr. W. L. Garrison, Mr. Frederick Douglass, (a fugitive slave from the State of Maryland,) Mr. H. C. Wright, Mr. Thompson, Mr. H. Vincent, Mr. J. H. Parry, and others. Mr. Thompson in the chair.

The Chairman opened the proceedings with a short address, in which he explained the objects of the association which they were about to form. He stated that the circumstances under which they had met that night, originated from a resolution which had been unanimously carried at a large anti-slavery meeting in Glasgow, when it was agreed that Mr. W. L. Garrison should visit this country to encourage the friends of this movement. Therefore did he appear amongst them that night, and it was proposed to form a league for the purpose of effecting the desirable object which they had in view. Mr. Thompson here read the preamble of the prospectus which had been put forth.

* * * * * * *

The intention of the Committee was to circulate this preamble, with cards of membership, throughout the country; the latter would be obtained on payment of one shilling, and by these means they hoped to form such a combination as would in time be able to effect the entire abolition of Slavery. The chairman then proceeded to eulogize Mr. Garrison's efforts in connection with this great movement, and concluded by introducing with a few words, each of the gentlemen who were to address the meeting.

Mr. James Haughton, of Dublin, then rose to move the first resolution, which welcomed Mr. Garrison, Mr. Wright, and Mr. F. Douglass, and pledged the meeting to hold out the right hand of fellowship to these gentlemen, and assist them by every means in their power, in the prosecution of their holy purposes and the extinction of Slavery. One effective mode of action, Mr. Haughton thought, would be, that whenever they came in contact with Americans, they should let them feel that they expected them to be Abolitionists in sincerity and truth, otherwise they would withhold from them that cordial hospitality which they would deserve, and be sure to receive if they were friends of humanity (hear). Mr. Haughton said that he endeavoured to make amends for his want of eloquence in advocating this good cause by doing a little in his own locality towards carrying it out (hear, hear).

Mr. W. Lovett cordially concurred in the sentiment contained in the resolution, and had therefore much pleasure in seconding it.

The Rev. Mr. Hinton, though he willingly gave his co-operation and sympathy to the society for the abolition of Slavery, yet he did not entirely agree with the terms of the resolution proposed. He did not think that the meeting ought to pledge themselves to the extent of the resolution (hear).

The chairman put the question to the meeting, and the original motion was carried, with only five dissentient voices (cheers).

Mr. Wright then came forward, and said that he represented a fraction less than three millions of slaves in the slave-trading republic of America. He was identified with those slaves, and opposed to anything in the shape of religion or politics which apologized in any way whatever for the perpetuity of such a system (hear). These three millions of slaves were, to all intents and purposes chattels, as really and truly as the cattle which wandered over the hills. Bought and sold in the market, they were the property of the purchaser, and in that consisted the essential elements of Slavery (cheers). No man could hold a slave in America, and not hold him as a chattel under all the liabilities of the chattel principle—liable to be mortgaged, to be seized and sold as the property of a man who has failed in business, entailed as property, and handed down from father to child as an heritage. With such things before their eyes, he would put the question to any man who had the heart of a man in his bosom, did God make man to be another's property, and could a man hold another man as his property and not be a villain? (cheers.) If they would but teach the slave to read the English alphabet, in one moment the system would be abolished (renewed cheering). Mr. Wright here spoke of the Presbyterian Church, which, he said, had denominated any man who kept, bought, or sold slaves, as a man-stealer, and a sinner of the first rank. Yet, this same church, though it deprecated Slavery, tolerated and admitted slaveholders in its congregation. He then spoke of the contumacy and scorn with which the man of colour was treated in America, and of the distinctions that were made between him and the white man in the churches of various religious denominations. American Slavery, he said, shipwrecked the moral constitution of every one concerned in it, and he hoped the time would come, when a slaveholder, or an apologist for a slaveholder, would find the kingdom of Great Britain too hot to hold him (great cheering). Mr. Wright sat down, after moving a resolution to the effect that the meeting regarded with feelings of profound sorrow and humiliation the state of the American churches in relation to the question of Slavery, and earnestly implored the various denominations of this country to discharge, in all Christian fidelity, the duty of admonishing those professing Christians in America, who practise or in any way plead for the existence of the foul abomination in their midst, which reduced the image of God to the level of a marketable chattel, and condemned to ignorance and perpetual bondage those for whom Christ died.

Mr. W. L. Garrison, who was greeted with loud applause, came forward to second this resolution. He wished to know whether the meeting were in earnest in that matter? Did they mean by that applause to recognize him as the friend and advocate of impartial liberty? (yes.) Then he would tell them that if they would go over to America they would be deemed fit subjects for the Lynch law (laughter). Did they mean by that applause to express their abhorrence of American Slavery, and their sympathy with the oppressed? (Hear, hear.) If they did, he would tell them that in America they could not be reputable Christians, or sound Democrats. Were there any apologists for Slavery in that room? Were there none to remind them of those good old slaveholding patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob? None to advocate those who plundered cradles of their immortal inmates, and which put women under the lash of the slave-driver? (No.) Why then he gave his hand to every one of them (cheers); and he had a heart which beat fully in unison with their own. Mr. Garrison here alluded to his sixteen years of toil and fatigue in advocating the cause of his countrymen, by which he had compromised himself, and brought upon himself the hatred of the Americans; so much so, that at the present moment there was offered for his poor head, by the present Governor of the State of Georgia, five thousand dollars. He had not come there to boast, but until such a law as that and Slavery were abolished he would boast (hear, hear). The speaker proceeded to touch upon the point with reference to colour in America. There, he said, that colour was thought nothing at all of. They had in all their plantations persons of the whitest complexions and with the straightest hair. They had bleached out all the sable colour that once pertained to those who were brought from Africa, and in the course of a few years he believed that there would hardly be such a thing as a coloured slave in his country. He need not say what that indicated of the pollution which existed, and that those who raised and bred children for the market regularly were those who spoke against the Abolitionists (hear, hear). Indeed the system of Slavery had completely subjugated Church and State, and he could not regard slaveholders in any other light but as the basest of hypocrites and the worst of liars (hear, hear). He had not come to England to defame the land of his nativity; he had not come here to depreciate Christianity as taught by Jesus Christ, but to vindicate it (cheers). Mr. Garrison here spoke of the horrible cruelties practiced upon the slaves, especially upon the runaway slaves; he alluded to the system of using the bloodhounds, and read from a book called, "Slavery and the Slaveholders' Religion as opposed to Christianity," many extracts descriptive of the infernal system of hunting down the slaves; and he added that America could not be called a Christian nation, it could not be called a republic, but it might be called a bloodhound nation (cheers). Mr. Garrison continued for some time to expose the atrocious system practiced in his country, and urged the meeting to give its unanimous support to the great work which they had in hand.

On the conclusion of this gentleman's speech,

The chairman put the resolution to the meeting, upon which it was carried *nem. con.*

Mr. Douglass and Mr. Parry afterwards addressed the meeting at some length, giving fresh instances of the barbarity of the slave system, and using many cogent arguments to induce the meeting to give its unqualified support to the great cause which they had in hand.

After a unanimous vote of thanks to the chairman the meeting separated.

Slavery is War.

"About three weeks past we had an insurrection of our negroes, who, in one night, cut off about twenty-five whites, after which they formed a considerable body, and sacrificed everything in their way. We were immediately alarmed, and under arms, and the first method we took to suppress them, was by securing all our ferrys and passes by guards; and —— body upon the scout came up with them, and engaged; they gave two fires, but without any damage. We returned the fire, and brought down fourteen on the spot, gave them chase, and, in compass of —— days, killed about twenty more, and took about forty alive, who were immediately hanged, gibbeted alive, shot, &c. Some others came in, were tried, and discharged. There may be about ten more that are out, but will soon be taken."

Several years ago, a venerable friend, since departed, showed me a letter in manuscript, from which the above extract was taken. It bears a name which I should have given, but that it may invade too much the sacredness of private relations;—a name, however, of which I may remark, that it is by no means unknown in either of those conspicuous States of our Republic,—Massachusetts and South Carolina. Its date I give:—Charleston, S. C. Sept. 28, 1739. So that, besides the victims of an insurrection, so awful as at that hour this must have been, all the actors on each side, who survived the horrors of those dark days, and doubly-dark nights, must have long since passed away. Less than a hundred years had succeeded, when Virginia was doomed to a like scene of horror and carnage. The years of Slavery which preceded the Carolinian insurrection, those which intervened between it and the Virginian, and those which have succeeded the latter, even in their quietest seasons, have all been years, not of true peace, but of suppressed War. The fiercest war has its intervals of repose. There must, even in times of hottest haste, be snatched a time to breathe, to renew, and, if possible, to redintegrate impaired energies. We speak of certain wars in our annals, with the Indians, with the French, with the English, and narrate their causes, their origin, their progress, their termination, their effects. We forget that for two centuries and a quarter we have been engaged in an incessant war,—a war, entering directly into our very households, and arraying the different members of those households against each other in conflict, which waits only the favourable moment for doing all the fell deeds enlinked to battle itself. Slavery is War! Insurrection now and then appears; the country is moved; insurgents are slain, are subdued, are dealt with according to the policy of the conquerors. But the insurrection is to the whole state of domestic Slavery, only what a battle is to the whole state of international war,—the point of fearful juncture, at which brutal passions, gathered in perfect fury, meet to sate themselves with blood, as the old Ætnean giant feasted his not ruder appetite with the flesh and blood of those who entered his cavern.

Slavery is War! It begins in war; it can begin in no other way. By force deemed irresistible, so yielded to in desperation, the individual is first made a slave. The force which compels him to reluctant submission, is the force of selfish impulse, of proud ambition, of rapacious covetousness. Against this force the man does battle while he believes he can; he does battle, not only with the high will to be free, but with the counteraction of the same lower passions which are arrayed against him. Justice is always even-handed. This cup-bearer of the secret powers, always finds way to mix again, in the chalice which one gives to another, the same ingredients which have been drunken off, and to return it fresh to the first giver; nay, more than commend, to compel it to his lips. Selfish impulse comes back in selfish resistance; proud ambition, in proud envy and revenge; rapacious covetousness, in a rapacity commensurate with it, sustained by the covetousness which seeks without bound, and fails, only with the limitations of its power, and its means. Nay, the blood which has stained the soil of Africa,—the blood whichth is same retributive Destiny, this stern, inexorable Necessity, has drawn from the invader, as his rapacity and cruelty had first drawn from the victim,—no man can tell, no man can know.

Slavery is War! War seems a Peace sometimes. It only seems. There is none in reality, there can be none. The elements of War are forever latent, even when hindered from being open, in its bosom. More than two hundred and twenty-five years has there been a state of real, though commonly suppressed, war between the European and the African races, whose chief seats have been the western coast of Africa, and the warmer and more fertile regions of America. The war is now hushed, save as occasional outburstings of its fierce and bloody spirit appear in deeds of mutual vengeance and violence. The war is now hushed, shall I say; let me recall the word. The slave is silent, sitting either in despair or in hope on the field which he cannot command, and waiting, as his spirit may be, for protracted bondage, for bitter revenge, or for sweetest freedom. This shall come at last; but, alas! the bondage and the revenge are also sure. The blended conflict and revenge have already appeared on the Rio Grande. Oppression, thus far victorious, seeks wider sphere of action. But our sons and brothers are already mourned over as its victims. The Voice which proclaims Slavery to be War, pronounces therewith the certainty that War, whether to extend and strengthen Slavery by new reinforcements from Mexico, or to perpetuate it within our original borders, will bring its own curse on the nation and the individual. A phrase sufficiently ludicrous has lately come into use; our great men talk of conquering a Peace. Peace has been indeed conquered. It has been conquered as the angelic form stood forth imploring us to reverence justice in our relations to Texas and to Mexico. Peace has been conquered as the celestial Voice called on us to bless mankind in engraving the law of universal freedom into the Minervan structure of our Confederacy. Peace has been conquered in the whole history of American Slavery. The power of peace has laid bleeding for centuries on this American soil. Here it will lie trodden down, beaten, soiled, covered with dust, enerusted with blood, just so long as Slavery, one with War, remains under our bright skies, within our ocean borders.

"Conquer Peace." Proud statesmen, ye may conquer it so for a while. In your capitol, in your palaces, in your streets; in caucuses or feasts; wherever ye can make your voices overflow and drown the secret voice in the soul of man; ye may conquer peace, and exult in your conquest. Know that your victory is but for a moment. The smoke of men's fireworks, the vapour of men's steam-engines, may rise high enough, and be thick enough to darken the blessed sun. But the sun is there! Americans! in other ways than ye boast, ye may conquer Peace, and darken the earth. But the brief instant of a century or a millenium drives the car with its smoke and shadow forward, the cloud ye have raised is away, the sun shines anew; Peace looks down from heaven, the celestial power is revealed, unsoiled, undimmed, sun-like and divine forever. Peace embosoming Freedom, Freedom rejoicing in peace, a divine marriage, the whole earth exulting in its everlasting festival.—T. T. S.

B. Webb.

We publish in this week's paper another letter from this gentleman, because he thinks injustice has been done him. We must, as before, make a few remarks upon it, as we think injustice is done to us. We do so reluctantly, as we can devote the space to a better purpose than a discussion upon the private character of any man.

The *Pennsylvania Freeman* of last week has an article upon our brief comments upon Mr. Webb's first letter, which we hardly know whether to take in jest or earnest. The editor regrets that we should have made these comments, but excuses us on the ground that we "do not understand friend Webb, and are labouring under a false impression as to his character." This may be, and we shall rejoice to be convinced of it. But as the *Freeman* goes on to account for our "false impression" by showing that Mr. Webb holds "certain erroneous" and "mischievous doctrines,"—so the *Freeman* thinks them—"in morals and moral reforms," and that, he has, therefore "often been found standing side by side with the bitterest enemies of the cause," we must confess that we are helped to understanding "Friend Webb's" character in a somewhat different way than that which the *Freeman* hoped for. If Mr. Webb's principles are bad, and his conduct is in accordance with his principles, we think the less his friends say about him the better. For ourselves, we only know this—that on the only two or three occasions that it has ever been our fortune to see anything of him, we have found him bitterly opposed to the Anti-Slavery movement as represented by the American Anti-Slavery Society. We first heard of him in a letter in the *Standard* of January 30, 1845, addressed to Abby Kelley and others. It was characterized by the same narrow, captious, and fault-finding spirit with his last letter, and was virtually a defence of Liberty party, and an attack upon the old organization. We next find him in March, of the same year, in a Wilmington paper, in an article addressed to Dr. Hudson and others, vindicating the people of that town as "charitable and tolerant,"—though Dr. Hudson, as faithful a friend to the slave, and as true a man as the cause can boast, had just escaped being mobbed there—and charging the "mobs, riots, and burnings," which "had disgraced the free States" upon the Abolitionists. We met him for the first time, personally, at the Annual Meeting of the Eastern Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society of last year, and we found him in private, as we had in public, the unscrupulous and bitter opponent of the American Society, and its method of reform. Now, as we believe the American Society is right in principle and right in action, when a man who,—who, as the *Freeman* acknowledges is generally wrong in both,—sends us a letter, *not for our private instruction, but for the public eye*, we are bound to judge it by what we have previously known of the writer, and if we believe it to be insidious in its character, and calculated to do mischief, to expose it. We have done both in the present case, and have yet to be convinced of our errour. Mr. Webb may be, as the *Freeman* represents him, an estimable man in all the private relations of life. We are willing to believe so upon the representation of our friend. But we only know him in his relation to the cause, and there we have always found him, whether from his bad principles or his want of good ones, we care not, its enemy. It is not our place to reconcile the apparent discrepancy. Our duty is to deal with those facts which are apparent to us. Whether in doing so we are obnoxious to the charge of a "want of toleration," our readers must judge. And whether it is not fairly made against Mr. Webb, and whether he is deserving of the high position he has assumed as the Nestor of the cause we shall see.

One who assumes to have been an Abolitionist for fifty years, and who may, therefore, be supposed to have watched Mr. Garrison's course for the last fifteen, and to have gained some knowledge of his character, would have hesitated, it seems to us, if possessed of the candid and loving spirit to which Mr. Webb lays claim, to attribute to such a man so atrocious a wish as that Mr. Clay might be killed as soon as he arrived in Mexico. Mr. Garrison's whole life has been such that such a sentiment should not be believed as coming from him except upon the most irrefragable evidence. The maxim of the common law, that every man should be believed innocent till he is found guilty, is of peculiar force in a case where the whole previous life of the accused party is an evidence that he is incapable of that wherewith he is charged. Mr. Webb in the present case is not only wanting in this much of common "charity," but persists in his accusation, even when the strongest proof is offered him that it is false. And he not only persists in it, but he virtually adds to it another—that Mr. Garrison is also guilty of falsehood to hide the first wrong. Now let us look at the facts.

On receiving the news that Mr. Clay had enlisted for the war, Mr. Garrison said: "The *New-York Tribune* publishes the following *extraordinary and painful* intelligence. Can it possibly be authentic?" Then copying the paragraph from the *Tribune*, he proceeds:

If this statement be true, and Cassius M. Clay has gone to assist in the conquest of Mexico, then we trust, that he will be among the first to perish on the Mexican soil, an ignoble death! If it be true, then no further countenance should be given to a man so utterly lost to all principle; and these Abolitionists who have subscribed for the True American, should discontinue it at once, as a token of their moral abhorrence of his guilty course.

Now what did Mr. Garrison mean by this? We sincerely believe that no man who knows him, and who is disposed to do him justice, and who is careful never to judge hastily and harshly, would pick out the objectionable passage in such a paragraph—thus guarding against its being seen in what state of feeling the whole was written—and pronounce him guilty "of a sentiment (which) would suit the middle ages to light up the fires of an Auto-de-fe." And especially are we disposed to doubt the sincerity of the high pretensions made by Mr. Webb, when, notwithstanding Mr. Garrison's explanation, he still persists in imputing to him sentiments which he never held. Such a man is not entitled, were there no other reasons, to read lectures on forbearance, and brotherly love to such people as compose the American Anti-Slavery Society. We copy Mr. Garrison's explanation with our own italics, from the paper following that in which the above article appeared, and we venture to believe that very few after reading it will disagree with us:

RETRIBUTION.—An esteemed friend, in allusion to a paragraph from our pen in last week's Liberator, writes to us that he does not understand on what ground we expressed a hope that Cassius M. Clay, now that he has gone to assist the ruthless invaders of Mexico, might be among the first to fall in battle. He asks, "Why should you wish so of any man, the most hardened and desperate?" *We did not suppose that any one would misapprehend our meaning, which was simply this*—that, inasmuch as Mr. Clay has denounced the annexation of Texas as unconstitutional, and therefore null and void, and declared that the war against Mexico is waged for a "damnable" purpose,—and as he has at last *volunteered* to subjugate and slaughter the unoffending Mexicans, and thus to extend the area of Slavery,—as a man pre-eminently guilty, as one sinning against the strongest convictions and the clearest light, he *deserves to fall* ingloriously on the battle-field, *sooner* than the ignorant, deluded soldier, who in morals is scarcely able to discern his right hand from his left, and who feels no scruples of conscience in regard to the war. *Of course, there was nothing intentionally vindictive or unkind in our remark:* it was only the expression of that retributive justice which every reflecting mind must concede deserves to fall the most heavily on the enlightened, yet incorrigible sinner. *We desire the death of no one in battle;* yet, if any are to be slain, they deserve to be the first victims who are its most guilty instigators and accessories.

So clear and candid a statement as this, it seems to us, is not deserving of the imputation of being an assumption of an "attribute of omniscience." Nothing is more common or more just than for good men to wish that when retribution follows sinning, it should fall upon the guilty rather than the innocent.

We apologize to our readers for occupying so much space with this matter, at the same time that we would express our regret for its necessity. Personal crimination is never pleasant to us. But we do not plead guilty to, and shall always maintain the right of defence against those unqualified charges which the enemies of the cause are so apt to make. We judge men by their lives, and we care not for their professions, if the two are not in unity. Many of our readers, moreover, who do not see the *Liberator*, might be misled by Mr. Webb's letter, and it is due to Mr. Garrison that the matter should be set forth in its proper light.

One of the "Chivalry in Trouble."

We copy with great satisfaction the following correspondence from the *Belfast Northern Whig*. We take no pleasure in the humiliation of any man, but we do rejoice when the arrogant assumptions of our slaveholding countrymen meet with the check they deserve when exposed to the influence of a healthy public sentiment. Should Frederick Douglass, or any other coloured man, however respectable, venture to do anywhere in this country as he has done in Belfast, when the subject of a wanton libel, he would be laughed at as an impudent fool for his pains. But such cases as these abroad cannot but have a wholesome effect upon the slaveholders in teaching them that everywhere where the English language is spoken, except in this Republic, the coloured man is their equal, and that when they leave the boundaries of the United States, they must leave the spirit of tyranny behind them, or at least be prudent enough not to attempt its exercise. The lesson, moreover, is not without its meaning for the Northern people. This Rev. Dr. Smyth is a fair representative of his State, and she will be no less ready to abate her habit of overseeism when the North, like Frederick Douglass, has the courage to assert its manhood. But here is the story:

MR. FREDERICK DOUGLASS AND REV. DR. SMYTH.

To the Editor of the Northern Whig: SIR,—The Rev. Dr. Thomas Smyth, of Charleston, South Carolina, who lately visited Belfast, made certain statements, injurious to the moral and religious character of Mr. Frederick Douglass, the fugitive slave. These statements being calculated to injure his usefulness, Mr. Douglass felt himself compelled, for the sake of his brethren in bonds, and in justice to the Belfast Anti-Slavery Society, who invited him to this town, and especially to prevent others from defending Slavery, or shielding its abettors, by calumniating him, to call upon the reverend gentleman to come forward, and make a full and public apology, or abide the legal consequences of a refusal. Messrs. Davison and Torrens, Solicitors on behalf of Mr. Douglass, demanded this apology from Dr. Smyth, intimating at the same time, that in case of refusal, he must abide the issue of a civil action, which would afford him abundant opportunity to prove (if he could) the truth of his assertions.

Mr. Douglass, conscious of innocence, took this manly and fearless mode of procedure; rather than the more usual one of filing a criminal information, which would hinder the party complained against from putting in a plea of justification.

I have the pleasure of handing you, by desire of Mr. Douglass, (who is now in England,) a copy of Dr. Smyth's letter of apology, with which Mr. Douglass's Solicitors advised him to rest satisfied, as his only object was the vindication of principle and character, and not any consideration of a pecuniary nature. This transaction, Sir, is a noble illustration of the spirit of British law, which, as Curran said, makes justice commensurate with and inseparable from British soil, which proclaims, even to the stranger, the moment he sets

labours among themselves, is a notorious fact. But the matter did not end here. At the next day's session, the Nonconformist says:

A warm and animated discussion then ensued in consequence of certain observations made the night before by Frederick Douglass, the escaped slave, at Covent Garden Theatre, by which it was supposed by some members of the body that a charge was made against the temperance society in America, of supporting the obnoxious system of Slavery. It will be seen that, after Frederick Douglass had concluded his very able and interesting address upon the night in question, Mr. E. N Kirk, of Albany, (Boston) sought to procure a hearing, with a view of removing the impression which he thought the language of the independent-minded Virginian negro was calculated to make upon the public mind. He was, however, prevented from proceeding with such explanations by the vociferous cheers with which the speech just uttered by Douglass was received, which cheers were continued for several moments after the object of their admiration had resumed his seat. The subject was, therefore, brought before the convention on Saturday, in the absence of Douglass, although it was generally understood that Mr. Douglass never had the smallest intention of making any such representation against the temperance body in America. The subject was at length dropped in consequence of the interference of the chairman, and the regular business of the meeting was resumed.

We are glad to know that the Rev. Mr. Kirk is so sensitive on this point. It is only another proof of how very anti-slavery, and how very friendly to the coloured race the American clergymen become upon being placed in circumstances where it is of very little consequence, except to themselves, whether they are or not. If they will only retain their new-born zeal—for Mr. Kirk, it is fair to presume, was not acting unadvisedly—till their return, and be as sensitive to the existence of the prejudice in their own congregations at home, as they show themselves to be to the assertion abroad that it does exist, we shall hope to see an immediate shipment of all the orthodox clergymen of the country to England for the benefit of the climate for that moral bronchitis and ophthalmia with which they are so generally afflicted, and which renders them incapable of seeing and speaking of one of the most prominent "institutions" of our free and happy country.

We do wish it were practicable—nay, we trust it *is* practicable—to select in each of our city districts one candidate for Congress who can unite the votes of all who are friendly to protection. We shall not ask whether he is conservative or progressive—what he thinks of naturalization, or any other non practical question. Give us one candidate friendly to protection against that one who will be bitterly hostile to it; let us have a fair field and no favour; and if New-York is truly anti-protective, let that fact stand recorded.

So says the *Tribune*. When will our neighbour be equally ready to forget party lines, and advocate the election of Congressmen who are friendly to Liberty? When will he think it desirable to have New-York "truly" anti-slavery, and have *that* fact stand recorded, as far as it can be under a pro-slavery Constitution?

☞ Our friend of the *Haverhill* (Mass.) *Gazette*, is informed that the article he quotes from, on the Tariff, and of which he wishes to know the author, was by the editor.

Iowa a State.—The people of Iowa have voted to adopt the new Constitution which Congress has sanctioned, and she is now a State. Of course the slaveholders must divide Texas so as to make two States, to keep the balance of power even—that is to be certain of a majority in the Senate.

Riots in Philadelphia.—Trouble has again broken out in Philadelphia, between the whites and blacks. A terrible riot occurred, says the *North American*, in St. Mary's street, on Sunday evening. We have not learned what has led to this fresh outbreak of hatred towards the persecuted blacks of Philadelphia.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

World's Temperance Convention—Rev. Thomas Spencer—Slaveholders excluded from the Convention—American Pro-Slavery Delegates—British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society—Henry Clapp, Jr.—Dicky Turner, the Tee-Tee-Totaller—Garrison and Kirk on the Sin of Slaveholding—Teetotallism in Ireland; Temperance Meeting in Covent Garden Theatre—Doctors Beecher, Patton, and Cox—Frederick Douglass—Garrison's Mission—George Thompson—Frederick Douglass, and the Rev. Doctor Smyth.

Dublin, August 15, 1846.

My Dear Gay:—On the 4th of this month, the day after Garrison, H. C. Wright, and the rest of the party arrived in London, we found the World's Temperance Convention in session. It met in the Lecture-room of the Literary Institution, in Aldergate street, in the heart of the old city. The room is in the form of an amphitheatre, the seats in semi-circles, and rising behind one another opposite to the chair of the President, (or the Chairman, as we call him here.) I am not skilled in estimating numbers, but I do not think the delegates exceeded three hundred and fifty. The upper back seat was appropriated to visitors. A good many American ministers were present, amongst them Doctor Beecher, of Cincinnati, Doctors Cox and Patton, of New-York, Kirk, of Boston, J. V. Himes, and some others, whose names I did not learn. There was a large proportion of dissenting ministers from England and Scotland, and two or three of the clergy of the Church establishment. Amongst the latter, the most eminent was the Rev. Thomas Spencer, of Bath, known in England as the most radical, courageous, and reformatory clerical member of the State Church—the advocate of Anti-Slavery, Anti-Corn Law, Free-Suffrage, Temperance, Peace, and other similar objects—and in America as a popular Temperance lecturer, who kept his skirts carefully clear of contact with the Abolitionists. I would not have expected, from his connection with the British and Foreign Society, that he would subject himself to the odium of fraternizing with the American Anti-Slavery Society, but I did not see how he could avoid being "hail fellow, well met" with the more conspicuous members of the Liberty party, who are selected for the special confidence of his friends at home. I am told, however, that he acted as if he thought discretion the better part of valour, and that he prudently preferred to add one more to the shameful list of Englishmen who, after ruffling it bravely at home, pocket their testimony against Slavery, until they have again placed the wide Atlantic between themselves, and the slave and his oppressors. If there be a man in the three Kingdoms, with *Rev.* before his name, on whose Christian principle and moral courage I would have relied on before he visited America, Thomas Spencer is the man. In defiance of the opinion of his order, he has boldly taken the people's side at home. But alas! this is a very different thing from taking part with the slave, and the free coloured man in the United States. I therefore learn to admire and respect, more than ever, the courage and fidelity that have distinguished the Abolitionists of America, so rarely equalled, or even approached by British visitors to the United States. It was frequently mentioned in our temperance newspapers, that, as a testimony against Slavery, Joseph Sturge, and George William Alexander, members of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, had each offered to contribute £50 towards the expense of the Convention, provided no slaveholders were admitted to its deliberations. I presume the conditions were complied with, for both these gentlemen were conspicuous members of the Convention, and I did not hear that there were any slaveholders present. Nevertheless as matters stood, I am disposed to look on the proviso as a distinction without a difference, for some of the American ministers I have named are notorious for their pro-slavery position at home, and are much more dangerous elements in any British assembly, than the most rampant slaveholders—than Clay, or Calhoun, or McDuffie, themselves—would be. We are upon our watch against an open enemy, but are never safe from a false friend.

Owing to the inefficiency (to use no stronger word) of the British and Foreign A. S. Society's Committee, the ignorance of the English people respecting the nature and bearings of American Slavery, and the facts connected with it, is almost total. The simplest elements of the Anti-Slavery catechism, are unknown by people of all classes. I will venture to say that a large proportion of the readers of the Anti-Slavery Reporter, know little of those clauses of the American Constitution which expressly stipulate for the maintenance of Slavery, or of the pro-slavery position of the great majority of the American sects and clergy. If that Committee had acted with earnestness and faithfulness, this could not be. Not appreciating the noble principles which are at the very foundation of the Anti-Slavery cause, they have preferred the respectability of sects and parties to their Anti-Slavery fidelity. Forming themselves into a knot of tuft-hunters, they have made themselves ridiculous by running after princes, potentates, and ministers of State, instead of going to the people, and endeavouring to enlist them in the cause of humanity and impartial liberty. The people of England have a sentimental abhorrence of negro-slavery, but they know almost nothing of the Anti-Slavery cause, in its bearings upon the best interests of civilization and human progress. With the funds at the disposal of this committee, (and which could have been indefinitely increased, if they had proved themselves alive, and in earnest,) it is impossible to estimate the feeling that might have been aroused upon this subject in Great Britain, and the influence that would have gone forth against the dominion of Slavery throughout the world. If the people had been aroused, and the wielders of the public press had been interested, all Europe would by this time be wide awake, and up and doing, instead of slumbering as they now are, like unconscious infants, amidst the heavings of an earthquake. Those who know what Slavery is,—how, like the vampire, it fans a nation to sleep, and then sucks out its moral vitality,—what ruin it makes of the sentiments of justice and humanity,—how it undermines the first principles of Christianity,—how it saps everything noble, and generous, and enlightened,—know that the importance of united, hearty, persevering efforts for its overthrow, cannot be over-estimated.

The Temperance Convention was under very strict organization, amply provided with all the paraphernalia of government, which, when exhibited in a very inferiour degree in the United States, have troubled so much some zealous advocates of individual freedom in Concord and Lynn. I imagine you have no experience of the strictness which regulate the proceedings of our public meetings. For instance, the speakers were limited to fifteen minutes, and on one day, I think, to five minutes each—and even with this restriction the chairman had a hard card to play, amidst such a number of orators. Henry Clapp was one of the Secretaries, and knowing his recent position at home, as an advocate of free meeting, I thought him very much out of place. With some of my friends he was a zealous advocate of the Liberty party, while he gave James Haughton to understand that he was a genuine Abolitionist, of the Garrison stamp, and that there was no man for whom he has a greater respect than Mr. Garrison, though he regretted that some misapprehension had arisen in the mind of the latter towards him. On one occasion I heard him recommend both the American Anti-Slavery Society, and the Liberty party, to the co-operation of his hearers. As I was not introduced to him I had no opportunity of ascertaining his precise sentiments by personal intercourse.

One of the remarkables of the Temperance Convention was a short, red-faced man, Dicky Turner, of Preston, the inventor of the word teetotal. He was one of the earliest advocates of the total abstinence reformation, which had its rise in Preston, Lancashire. Being afflicted with an impediment in his speech, his reply, when asked whether he was a temperance man, or a total abstainer, was that he was "Tee-tee-total."

As my visit to London was chiefly for the enjoyment of Garrison's society, and with a view to co-operate in every Anti-Slavery measure which might be thought advisable in consequence of his presence, I did not devote much of my time to the Temperance Convention. Indeed, this assembly was so curbed and so prosy, that there were few inducements to listen to its deliberations. The weather was extremely warm, the place was close and crammed, and the temptations to slumber insuperable. The eloquence and the temperature were for the greater part such as Londoners love. There was a good deal said about the wine question, and the modifications of guilt connected with certain degrees of short-comings—all new to an Hibernian, and by no means interesting. Some of the clergy were alarmed at a proposition to denounce the dealers in and manufacturers of strong drink as sinners. They could not assent to this, as in many cases an influential portion of their flock were of this class. James Tear, an able and distinguished advocate, made a capital speech in support of the proposition. In reply, Kirk, of Boston, said Tear went too far; for in as much as he knew there were pious, good, and Christian slaveholders—so he knew that there were very good men engaged in the manufacture and sale of strong drink. While these remarks were being uttered, Mr. Garrison caught the chairman's eye, and having shown his ticket of admission, and obtained leave, by a special vote, to speak, he proceeded to comment upon Kirk's illustration, which was introduced in his opinion for the purpose of obtaining the tacit sanction of the Convention to the assertion that while Slavery is a great evil and a curse, and to be deplored, and so forth, the slaveholder may be and often is a most excellent Christian man. Slavery never sleeps, and is viler and more crafty than a congress of rattlesnakes. Garrison's comments were very promptly voted irrelevant, although the apologist for the slaveholder remained unreproved—and a great deal of talk had passed current which had no such important bearing on the matter in hand. The matter was compromised by Kirk's withdrawing his remarks to avoid the necessity of hearing Garrison, and so the thing was hushed up in the Convention, though it caused a good deal of talk out of doors. We heard that four or five of the Lestile delegates withdrew from the Convention in disgust—and the impression on the minds of many was that this additional experiment of a "World's Convention," in London, was no more successful than that which preceded it. I don't like the term, "World's Convention." It is absurdly inflated and untrue. How many hundred nations, how many continents there are, not one of whose people ever heard of this little gathering, equivalent to about one in every five thousand of the inhabitants of the mighty city where they meet. Very little reference was made to temperance in Ireland, and everybody knows that in no country in the world has the triumph of teetotallism been more signal than here. But we have very little machinery of societies, and extremely little discussion. The Irish teetotallers are chiefly the converts of Father Mathew. The priests in general had nothing to say to it But few of them are conspicuous teetotallers, and many are as hostile to the movement as they dare to be. In Ireland there are not five strict teetotalers among the Episcopal clergy, and but very few amongst the dissenting ministers. Teetotallism is not a Protestant movement in Ireland—and it is accordingly by no means fashionable. Very few wealthy men are known as advocates of the cause. It would be thought eccentric, ridiculous. Temperance societies and teetotallisms are all very well for the poor. It is of value to them. It keeps workmen attentive and servants sober, and is therefore deserving of patronage—but no gentleman will trouble himself with such nonsense. We have no "Wine Question" here—the Catholics have nothing to say to "the cup" in the Sacrament—and as far as the wine is concerned so much the better for them. We have no talk of long pledges, or short pledges—the people take Father Matthew's pledge and that is all. In short, teetotallism is less a matter of deliberate reflection and conviction with the impetuous people of Ireland, than of religious zeal and enthusiasm. With the English it is more the result of principle. It is adopted more slowly, and adhered to more firmly. In Ireland, a poor woman or a poor man will take the pledge from Father Mathew, as often as opportunity offers, not because he wishes to renew a broken vow, for he may have adhered firmly to his promise, but because he desires to secure the virtue which streams upon his head, from the blessed hand of the apostle of Temperance.

On the morning of the 7th, a day or two before the close of the Temperance Convention, a great temperance demonstration was held in Covent Garden Theatre—known as the scene of the great triumphs of the Anti-Corn-Law-League. It was a large meeting, so that nearly the whole of the vast building was crammed. The list of speakers included Dr. Beecher, Dr. Patton, Dr. Cox, and other American reverends. Beecher's speech was an "evangelical" sermon; it was feebly responded to, and would not have been tolerated if it had been as irrelevant on the side opposite to orthodoxy. A man or a multitude, will suffer a great deal for the sake of a favorite *doxy*—and so they did on this occasion. Dr. Patton's speech was all twaddle. Dr. Cox prayed for the Queen, and blarneyed and blessed the people, and disgusted a good many of them. Professor Caldwell, of Philadelphia, said that the clergy were such kind and good men (or to that effect) that whenever he called on them to recommend the Temperance cause to their notice, they always received him kindly, and that they rarely refused to join the ranks when asked to do so. I thought he was joking at first, but I found that he was perfectly serious. On such occasions, I am reminded of the summary of one of the notorious Peter Pindar's comical, satirical squibs. It begins with "Peter praiseth himself." A *Rev.* Rev'd. from Edinburgh, made some admirable remarks on the importance of a temperance education and the right training of children. Henry Clapp said some good things; the greater part of the rest twaddled a great deal. At ten o'clock, when the people had got tired with so much that they had heard before, the cry for Frederick Douglass became general, and amidst a storm of clapping and cheering he stepped forth in the presence of all those majestic and reverend Doctors of Divinity; and he very soon made them sensible of his presence, by reminding his countrymen who preceded him that they had omitted to notice that in the United States the 3,000,000 of coloured Americans are no more cared for in the temperance movement than the beasts of the field. Let his friends go back to America and use the influence of their great eloquence in the rescue of the black man as well as the white from the fangs of intemperance. All he demanded was equal rights It is so natural for a popular audience to like to see great professions in a false position—and there were so many of the American pointers to heaven on the plattorm, that Douglass's powerful invective, called down thunders of applause, and the assembly insisted, and succeeded in procuring for him a whole half hour, instead of the quarter, to which all the other speakers, except Dr. Beecher, had been limited. This incident caused great excitement, and I have no doubt, elicited more discussion, and did more good than the rest of the proceedings of that great meeting. In fact, wherever an American shews himself in a popular meeting in England, if there be any intelligent, honest men, there, it is ten to one that the assembly will resolve itself into an Anti-Slavery meeting if he opens his mouth in it. Chattel avery is a monster of such hateful mein, that to be hated, she needs but to be seen by all unsophisticated people. Those who have been educated to tolerate, foster, and defend her, must not storm at those who have not had the advantage of such training.

As far as I am now able to judge, I anticipate great advantages to the Anti-Slavery cause from Garrison's visit to England. His manliness, his earnestness, his straightforwardness, his uncompromising disposition, the absence of craftiness, manœuvring and pretense in his manners, or of cant in his conversation, are such as are sure to win the favours of honest, open-hearted men and women—and no other favor is worth having. He is no plotter, no courtier, no self-seeker—he is not all things to all men—he is himself, and nobody else; and for one, I would never wish to see him any other. His earnestness, plain-dealing, and reliance on principle, are enough to perplex a general council, or any other set of self-instituted keepers of other men's consciences. My opportunity of acquaintance with him in 1840 was very slight—mere hasty glimpses. I have had more intimate and prolonged social intercourse this time, and am delighted to find that he is the very man I took him to be.

George Thompson met us the night of our arrival in London, at the railway station, and took Garrison home with him, and there he remains during his stay in the city. George has a heart for a dozen, but as he only had beds for three, and our party was large, we preferred staying together, and took private lodgings. Garrison had planned to be with us during our stay in town, but Thompson would not hear of giving him up. George Thompson, bears to be known. He is generous, magnanimous, tearless; no browbeating daunts him, no numbers quell him, no pretensions blind him, and his mighty eloquence and lightning perceptions, renders him a great instrument in the promotion of any good cause.

Douglass arrived in town a day or two after us. He has been lecturing in Scotland, under the auspices of the Edinburgh Anti-Slavery Society, and had just accepted an invitation from them to deliver a course of lectures in the south of Scotland and north of England. During my stay in London, arrangements were made, at the request of the friends of the cause, to procure his release from this engagement, or at least, from a portion of it, in order that he might accompany Garrison in his projected tour through Great Britain and Ireland. After several preliminary meetings at our lodgings, at Richard Allen's, and at the house of George Thompson, a circular was issued, mentioning a meeting in one of the rooms of the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand, (an establishment in the heart of the metropolis, much resorted to for public meetings) for the purpose of hearing W. L. Garrison, H. C. Wright, F. Douglass, and Geo. Thompson, on the subject of American Slavery. As the circulars were not extensively distributed, the meeting was not large, but the number that attended was greater than was anticipated, so that we had to remove into a larger room than we originally engaged. It was, however, animated and intensely interesting. This you will believe, when I tell you, that with an interval of an hour and a half, it lasted from 10 o'clock in the morning till 10½ at night—eleven hours in all. The Declaration of Sentiments, and the Constitution of the American Anti-Slavery Society were read, the pro-slavery clauses of the United States Constitution were discussed, the position of the American churches and political parties were canvassed, and the whole resulted in the formation of an Anti-Slavery League, on the principle and in furtherance of the objects of the American Anti-Slavery Society. A committee was formed, some money subscribed, and it was resolved to hold a public meeting to-morrow, (the 17th,) for the purpose of bringing the society more fully before the public view. I send you a circular print, containing the advertisement. The committee are new men, and as they are also intelligent and in earnest, I cannot doubt that with a little common sense, industry, and honesty, they will be able to labour to some purpose, and to arouse to intelligent action the slumbering Anti-Slavery spirit of England Scotland is awake already. In Dublin, so much has been done by the labours of a mere handful, in the attempt to elicit an abhorrence of American Slavery (the most unnatural of all slavery) among the people, that it is impossible to anticipate what might not be done if the laborers were equivalent to the appearance of the harvest.

In the evening, the Anti-Slavery character of Dr Cox of New-York, came under discussion, in consequence of the attempt of an injudicious Scotchman to maintain it by declaring him to be an Abolitionist. When this was promptly denied by Garrison, the assertion was repeated on the authority of an American gentleman in the room. The gentleman turned out to be Sidney Morse, editor of the New York *Observer*, a religious paper, which has, I am told, rendered itself infamous for the malignity with which, since the inception of the Anti-Slavery enterprise, it has blackguarded, persecuted, and libelled its promoters and adherents. He then stood forth for the first time he had ever appeared as a speaker in a public assembly. He reiterated the assertion of Cox's abolitionism—he was himself an Abolitionist of the old school—that is to say, he was a native of Massachusetts, which had abolished Slavery 70 years ago, long before any such measure was contemplated by the mother-country. It was England that was responsible for Slavery in America—he thought Slavery such a horrible, wicked, cursed system, that he would give half his property to see it abolished in the United States. The new Abolitionists, (such as he asserted Cox to be,) were the enemies of the slave, as they deferred emancipation by irritating the slaveholder. While he condemned slavery in toto—not so the slaveholder—he was often a good man, who acted by the golden rule. He knew a man who mortgaged his library to enable him to purchase a boy who would otherwise have been sold into the far south. He then re-sold the boy to a kind master, in order to regain his library, which he could not dispense with. He was a Southern man, too. Morse exhibited a disagreeable example of that effrontery and profligate want of principle which the Abolitionists have had to contend with. The result of the public meeting you shall of course be promptly made acquainted with. I regret it was out of my power to remain in London for it.

This day Messrs. Garrison, Douglass, and other friends and myself spent very delightfully with Wm. and Mary Howitt, at their elegant residence in Clifton street, four miles from St. Paul's. I imagine it would have puzzled many a republican aristocrat to witness the "distinguished consideration" with which the escaped slave was treated by these amiable writers, our hospitable hosts, who are, I am pretty confident, at least as well known on your side of the Atlantic as on ours. I had also the pleasure of accompanying Garrison in his calls upon Douglass Jerrold and the editor of the Daily News. Both these gentlemen received him courteously, and expressed their utmost willingness to co-operate with him in his labors. Much may be done by enlisting the sympathies of literary men, and all that many of them require is that Abolitionists should show them what they have to do.

While Douglass was in Belfast, a circumstance occurred which you will probably hear from some other source. But lest you should not, I will give it to you as well as I can. A gentleman—a Rev. Dr. or Mr. Smyth, arrived in the town. He was a native of Belfast, but had spent a great many years in Charleston, South Carolina, where he showed his fidelity to the "peculiar institution"—not merely by his faith, but by his wishes, for he became a patriarch himself, and had slaves of his own. When the mission from the Free Church visited Charleston, they found in him a warm friend and hospitable host, He introduced them, preached in their behalf, and left no stone unturned to promote their views,—and he succeeded in procuring from the Carolina churches a goodly portion of the unlucky £3,000 which have brought Chalmers, Cunningham, and Candlish so much woe, thanks to those intolerable, meddling, Abolitionists. Well, he came to Belfast, and as the General Assembly of the Ulster Presbyterians was then in session, he set his wits to work to obtain a seat in the reverend assembly. Luckily, Belfast was disturbed by the heavings of the storm which has shaken Scotland—Douglass was in town.—"Send back the money" was the cry—and Smyth, like many more of us, could not obtain the object on which he had set his heart. Happening one day to be in the company of some brother clergymen, Douglass became the topic of conversation, and Smyth declared him to be an infidel, and made an assertion directly implicating his moral character. Such stories of this kind are extremely volatile, and this, in particular speed ily reached Douglass's ears. The result of Frederick's consultation with his friends, was a demand on his part that Smyth should give up his author. Smyth promptly declared that a gentleman then in Belfast was his informant as to the most offensive portion of the calumny—I mean the immorality—for as to the infidelity, when we remember how many sins faith is made a cloak for, the charge is hardly worth repelling. Smyth's informant indignantly denied that he had ever given any such information, or that he had ever said or thought of saying any such thing about Douglass as Smyth asserted. Here the slaveholding pastor was in a most unpleasant quandary. And the more so, when a letter arrived from a duly authorized friend of Douglass demanding an absolute retraction of the whole of his story, and informing him that until this reasonable request was complied with, legal steps should be taken to prevent his leaving Belfast. I should have told you that his visit to Ireland was induced by a legacy having been left to him, which he came over to receive. Now, having got the money, it would have been most disagreeable either to leave a part behind in the hands of a most peremptory fugitive from Slavery, or else be prevented from going to enjoy it beneath his own vine and amongst his own "servants" and "hand-maidens," in South Carolina. The result was that he came to a prudent conclusion, bowed his lofty crest, and set his venerable name to the foot of a full, ample, and sufficient apology. Now is not this a pretty story. It will no very well for the Abolitionists, but is not to be told in Charleston or whispered in South Carolina But it was time for me long ago, like the Irish ballad singers, "to conclude and come to an end"—so as I can't do what I should have done, I will even do as I ought to do, and leave you to repose, subscribing myself yours, truly,

RICHARD D. WEBB.

To Correspondents.

E. D. H. The paper is regularly forwarded, as we stated last week, to every one of his places of appointment. If he does not receive them, the fault is in the Post-Office Department. We shall look for the document he refers to.

E. M. D. Duly received and duly honoured. It is very opportune.

J. M. McK. The substitute answered our purpose just as well. Where B. is we do not know; neither can we give any information concerning him, never having seen him. *That word* was not used in any invidious sense, nor is it the cause of the existing state of feeling which showed itself before *it* was spoken.

R. D. W. Have we the correct address of his friend, R. C.? The paper has been regularly sent ever since we received the name, and we do not believe there is any mistake in the mailing on this side the water.

S. S. Yes,—we got it, but had hesitated what to do with it. We wanted to oblige him, but as it does not do him justice we delayed. Of course we are glad to be relieved from any responsibility. We shall hope to hear again. He will pardon us if we say, for his own sake—*none but the best.* The change shall be made as directed.

This Week's Paper.

Fourth Page.—*Poetry*: The Glove. *Miscellany*: Mrs. Eden's Sixpence—A Story for Samaritans; Elevate the Hangman; The King of Sweden—Berzelius—Miss Bremer; Indian Eloquence; Getting Along with Neighbours; Painting by a Negro Artist; Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

First Page.—*Pro-Slavery*: Agents of so-called Anti-Slavery Societies; Trick of a Slaver; The Whig-Nigger Candidate; "Those who have Tears to Shed, Prepare," &c. *Peculiar Institution*: An Auction Scene; Life in the South. *Selections*: Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society; The Church; Riding a Dead Horse; Send back the Money; Mr. Wilmot's Slavery Proviso; Wendell Phillips and "Young America"; The Repeal Schism—Secession of Mr. Smith O'Brien, M. P. and "Young Ireland." *Communications*: Coloured Seamen—Their Character and Condition; "Consisteney a Jewel.

Second Page.—Letter from Delaware; Anti-Slavery Meeting in Williamson; Letter from Samuel Brooke—H. S. Gilmore's school—Concert by the Scholars.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Fifteen Days Later from Europe.

The Britannia arrived at Boston on Thursday last.—She brings no very important intelligence. The produce markets were active, and the news of the passage of the new Tariff Bill had given an impetus to trade.

The House of Lords passed the Sugar Bill on the 13th ultimo.

The failure of the potato crop is universal. Corn meal had risen considerably in consequence. The destitution of the Irish had occupied the attention of the House of Commons, and a sum appropriated for their relief.

The French elections have terminated in the success of the Guizot ministry.

Mr McLane, the Minister to England, returned by the steamer. Mr. Irving, at Madrid, has had his final audience with the Queen. The Pope continues exceedingly popular.

Married,

In New-York, on the 1st instant, Edmund P. Willets, to Mrs. Sarah B. Prescott, daughter of George C. Folger, Esq. of Nantucket.

At Gardiner, (Maine) on the 25th ultimo, at Christ Church, by Rev. William H. Babcock, Rev. Frederick Gardiner, of Saco, to Miss Caroline Vaughan, granddaughter of the late Rev. Dr. Benjamin Vaughan, of Hallowell.

In Cambridgeport, August 31st, by Rev. Thomas Whittemore, Rev. Luther J. Fletcher, to Miss Lovice C. Whittemore, daughter of the officiating clergyman.

Died,

In New-York, Walter Bowne, Esq. an old and respectable merchant, and formerly Mayor of the city, aged 77.

In Canton, on the 15th of May, Charles William, son of Capt. George Barker, of Hudson, in the 17th year of his age.

Suddenly, at Nottingham, England, on the 18th ultimo, from the rupture of a blood vessel, Mr. Charles Rozzell, of the firm of Wyeth, Rodgers & Co. of this city.

At Boston, 31st ultimo, John Snelling, aged 62.

At Albany, 4th instant, David Abeel, Chinese Missionary, aged 42,

---

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For the Standard—from August 30, to Sept'r. 5, 1846.

Rev. F. W. Holland, Rochester, N Y		$1 00
Dorcas Harmon, Valley Falls, R I		1 00
J. P. Platt, Penn Yan, N Y		1 00
George Brown, Palmyra, N Y		1 00
Durfee Herendeen, Macedon, N Y		1 00
John Whittle, Weare, N H		1 00
S. O. Hanson,	"	1 00
C. Hanson,	"	1 00
C. E. Wood,	"	1 00
Walter Emerson, Gofstown, N H		1 00
Stephen Cisson, Persia, N Y		1 00
Levi Taft,	"	1 00
Wm. Henry,	"	1 00
A. Southwick,	"	1 00
Thomas Brooks,	"	1 00
B. P. Wells,	"	1 00
Eli Hitchcock,	"	1 00
H. Smith, Collins, N Y		1 00
G. J. Wood, Collins Centre, N Y		1 00
John J. Harrington,	"	50
David Johnson,	"	1 00
Joshua E. Palmerton,	"	1 00
O. Arnold,	"	50
David Wilbur,	"	1 00
Edwin Mabbett,	"	50
N. Rice,	"	1 00
Charles Davol, Collins, N Y		1 00
A. W. Skinner, Boston, N Y		1 00
H. A. Curran,	"	50
Simon Paine,	"	1 00
A. Griffith,	"	1 00
Asa Carry,	"	1 00
B. Cushing,	"	1 00
Sampson Wood, Le Roy, N Y		1 00
J. L. Sanford, Palmyra, N Y		2 00
Moses Sawin, Boston, Mass.		1 00
Sylvester C. Fay,	"	1 00
Philo Smith, Princeton, Mass.		1 00
Benjamin F. Adams, Milford, Mass.		1 00
James Cushman, Kingston,	"	1 00
William Hall, Perrington, N Y		1 00
John A. Cook,	"	1 00
John E. Howard,	"	1 00
E. W. Walker, Rochester, N Y		1 00
Libaras Au-tin, Spencerport, N Y		1 00
Ezkiel Little, Riga Centre,	"	1 00
Nehemiah Frost,	"	1 00
N. A. Frost,	"	1 00
George Redfield, Churchill,	"	1 00
R. B. Lane,	"	1 00
Jacob Williams, Brighton,	"	1 00
E. P. Ward, Penfield,	"	1 00
Wm. Freeland,	"	1 00
John Ballad,	"	1 00
Robert Bourne,	"	1 00
Calvin Owen,	"	1 00
Albert Chapell,	"	1 00
John W. Gifford,	"	1 00
Peter Carman, West Walworth, N Y		1 00
Daniel M. Smith,	"	1 00
Isaac Gould,	"	1 00
Riley Hill, Walworth,	"	1 00
Joseph Gould, Milton Falls, Ohio,		1 00
James Stewart, Farmington, N Y		1 00
Sarah H. Marshall, New-York,		50
Benjamin Baker, East Hamburg, N Y		1 00
Alanson Chase,	"	1 00
Thomas Thurber,	"	1 00
Zebulon Ferris,	"	1 00
David Fisher,	"	1 00
Isaac Addington, Willink,	"	1 00
A. Briggs,	"	1 00
Reynolds Cole, Wales Centre,	"	1 00
A. G. Cole,	"	1 00
John Bragg, Jr. South Wales,	"	1 00
W. F. Shedd,	"	1 00
Wm. Cronk, Buffalo,	"	1 00
Samuel Hopson, Fowler's Mills, Ohio,		1 00
S. M. Smith. Kirtland,	"	1 00
Gad Smith, Welchfield,	"	1 00
Mary Dickinson, Chagrin Falls,	"	2 00
Wm. Webb, Woodland, Delaware,		1 00
		81 50
Total Amount,		$81:50

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

NOTICES.

FREE PRODUCE ASSOCIATION.

Although the meetings of this association have been for a time suspended, yet it is believed that the friends of the enslaved have not lost sight of the object for which it was organized. The persevering efforts of individuals in the West, and the associated action in some of the eastern commercial cities, with a view to multiply facilities for ensuring more adequate supplies of goods, &c. not contaminated by slave labour, or produced by oppression, it is believed clearly indicate the propriety of calling a meeting of the "Free Produce Association of the West."

The friends of the slave, and advocates of abstinence from the use of slave-grown produce, are respectfully called to meet in convention, at Salem, Union county, Ia. on the 28th of 10th month (October) next.

WM. BEARD, President.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF CHATAUQUE COUNTY.

Dear Friends:—Two able advocates of the cause of liberty—E. D. Hudson, and Wm. W. Brown, are now laboring in your county, and will hold meetings at the following places. Their success, and the interests of the cause, will depend very much upon your active co-operation, in procuring places for meetings, extending notices, and in aiding them in procuring subscribers for the Standard. Are there not some among you who will

VOLUNTEER

To spend one, two, or three weeks, or more, in Freedom's cause, and go with these brethren from house to house, and from town to town? Let it not be said of Western New-York, that from among her sons, Slavery can get more volunteers to fight her infamous battles in Mexico, than Freedom can number in her army. Come to the rescue, then, one and all, and let the question be decided.

"For he who settles Freedom's principles,
Writes the death-warrant of all tyranny;
Who speaks the truth, stabs falsehood to the heart,
And his mere word makes despots tremble more
Than even Brutus with his dagger could."

ERIE COUNTY.

Buffalo, Monday and Tuesday, September 7th and 8th, at 7 o'clock, P. M.
Niagara Falls, Wednesday and Thursday, September 9th and 10th, at 7, P. M.
Williamsville, Wednesday, September 9th, at 7, P. M.

NIAGARA COUNTY.

Lockport, Thursday and Friday, September 10th and 11th, at 7, P. M.
Hartland, Saturday, September 12th, at 7, P. M.
Middleport, Sunday, " 13th, "

ORLEANS COUNTY.

Millville, Monday, " 14th, "
Albion, Tuesday, " 15th, "
Barre Centre, Wednesday, " 16th, "
Gaines, Thursday, " 17th, "

MONROE COUNTY.

Brockport, Friday, " 18th, "
Parma Centre, Saturday, " 19th, "
Rochester, Sunday and Monday, September 20th and 21st at 7, P. M.

These meetings will be attended by one, or both of the friends above mentioned, besides VOLUNTEERS. One noble-hearted brother is already in the field, in that capacity, and will spend as much time as his other avocations will permit. You will find in

E. D. HUDSON,

A single-hearted, devoted, and faithful man,—uncompromising in his hostility to Slavery, in whatever garb she may assume to clothe herself. No freeman will complain of that.

WILLIAM W. BROWN,

Has groaned many a weary day in the prison-house of bondage, and can tell of the dark and damning deeds that are committed there. He has felt the heavy heel of tyranny upon his own head, and can speak from experience. Even now by the Constitution of the United States, he is a *chattel*, and not a man. Out upon such atrocity, and let the cry be rung through the land,

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

J. C. HATHAWAY,

General Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, for the State of New-York.

FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

Charles Lenox Remond, of Massachusetts, a coloured man whose name has for many years been identified with the Anti-Slavery enterprise, and whose voice has been heard in Europe as well as in America in behalf of Human Rights, is now spending a short time in Western New-York, and proposes, in company with J. C. Hathaway, of Farmington, to hold meetings at the following places:—

GENESEE COUNTY.

Le Roy, Thursday & Friday, September 10th and 11th, at 10 o'clock, A. M.
Stone Church, Saturday, September 12th, at 6 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

LIVINGSTON COUNTY.

Caledonia, Sunday, September 13th, at 2, & 6 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

MONROE COUNTY.

Scottsville, Monday, September 14th, at 2, and 6 1-2 o'clock, P. M.
Henrietta, Tuesday, September 15th, at 2, and 6 1-2 o'clock P. M.
Rush, Wednesday, September, 16th, at 2, and 6 1-2 o'clock, P. M.
West Mendon, Thursday, September 17th, at 2, and 6 1-2 o'clock, P. M.
East Mendon, Friday, September, 18th, at 2, and 6 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

The present is an interesting and important era in our country. It is evidently a turning point in its history. On the present hang the hopes and destiny of the future. Inactivity now is fatal *action*. The slave is not to wear his chains forever, but whether he is to be unbound by mercy, or terrible judgments, depends in a great measure, under God, upon us who have the power to strike off his fetters, and upon us therefore rests the responsibility. Friends, come up to the meetings and talk the matter over with us. Let us see if reddening the Rio Grande with Mexican blood, and "revelling in the Halls of the Montezumas,"—will not secure for us such trophies as we gained by our blood-hound allies in Florida—trophies of infamy and crime.

Let us awake ourselves, and endeavour to arouse others from the deep delusion which we have so long followed.

"Many a man of honest heart, but ignorant of self and God,
Hath followed the marsh-flies of pestilence, esteeming them the lights of truth."
"Our reliance is upon the 'foolishness of preaching,' for
————Truth and Goodness, well and wisely put,
Commend themsel

Poetry.

THE GLOVE.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

"Heigho," yawned one day King Francis,
"Distance all value enhances!
When a man's busy, why leisure
Strikes him as wonderful pleasure,—
Faith, and at leisure once is he—
Straightway he wants to be busy.
Here we've got peace; and aghast I'm
Caught thinking war the truest pastime!
Is there a reason in metre?
Give us your speech, master Peter!"
I who, if mortal dare say so,
Ne'er am at a loss with my Naso,
"Sire," I replied, "joys prove cloudlets:
Men are the merest Ixions"—
Here the King whistled aloud, "Let's
. . Heigho . . go look at our lions!"
Such are the sorrowful chances
If you talk fine to King Francis.

And so, to the courtyard proceeding,
Our company Francis was leading,
Increased by new followers tenfold
Before he arrived at the penfold;
Lords, ladies, like clouds which bedizen
At sunset the western horizon,
And Sir De Lorge pressed 'mid the foremost
With the dame he professed to adore most—
Oh, what a face! One by fits eyed
Her, and the horrible pitside;
For the penfold surrounded a hollow
Which led where the eye scarce dared follow,
And shelved to the chamber secluded
Where Bluebeard the great lion brooded.
The King hailed his keeper, an Arab
As glossy and black as a scarab,
And bade him make sport and at once stir
Up and out of his den the old monster.
They opened a hole in the wire-work
Across it, and dropped there a firework,
And fled; one's heart's beating redoubled;
A pause, while the pit's mouth was troubled,
The blackness and silence so utter,
By the firework's slow sparkling and sputter;
Then earth in a sudden contortion
Gave out to our gaze her abortion!
. . Such a brute! were I friend Clement Marot
(Whose experience of nature's but narrow,
And whose faculties move in no small mist
When he versifies David the Psalmist)
I should study that brute, to describe you
Illum Juda Leonem de Tribu!
One's whole blood grew curdling and creepy
To see the black mane, vast and heapy,
The tail in the air stiff and straining,
The wide eyes, nor waxing nor waning,
As over the barrier which bounded
His platform, and us who surrounded
The barrier, they reached and they rested
On the space that might stand him in best stead:
For who knew, he thought, what the amazement,
The eruption of clatter and blaze meant,
And if, in this minute of wonder,
No outlet, 'mid lightning and thunder,
Lay broad, and, his shackles all shivered,
The lion at last was delivered?
Ay, that was the open sky o'er head;
And you saw by the flash on his forehead,
By the hope in those eyes wide and steady,
He was leagues in the desert already,
Driving the flocks up the mountain,
Or calmly couched hard by the fountain
To waylay the date-gathering negress:
So guarded he entrance or egress.
"How he stands!" quoth the King: "we may well swear,
No novice, we've won our spurs elsewhere,
And so can afford the confession
We exercise wholesome discretion
In keeping aloof from his threshold;
Once hold you, those jaws want no fresh hold,
Their first would too pleasantly purloin,
The visiter's brisket or surloin:
But who's he would prove so fool-hardy?
Not the best man of Marignan, pardie!"

The sentence no sooner was uttered,
Than over the rails a glove fluttered,
Fell close to the lion, and rested:
The dame 't was, who flung it and jested
With life so, De Lorge had been wooing
For months past; he sate there pursuing
His suit, weighing out with nonchalance
Fine speeches like gold from a balance.

Sound the trumpet, no true knight's a tarrier!
De Lorge made one spring at the barrier,
Walked straight to the glove,—while the lion
Ne'er moved, kept his far-reaching eye on
The palm-tree-edged desert-spring's sapphire,
And the musky oiled skin of the Caffre,—
Picked it up, and as calmly retreated,
Sprang back where the lady was seated,
And full in the face of its owner
Flung the glove—

"Your heart's queen, you dethrone her?
So shall I," cried the King—"'twas mere vanity,
Not love, set the task to humanity!"
Lords and ladies alike turned with loathing
From such a proved wolf in sheep's clothing.

Not so, I; for I caught an expression
In her brow's undisturbed self-possession
Amid the Court's scoffing and merriment,
As if from no pleasing experiment
She rose, yet of pain not much heedful
So long as the process was needful—
As if she had tried in a crucible
To what "speeches like gold" were reducible,
And, finding the finest prove copper,
Felt the stroke in her face was but proper;
To know what she had NOT to trust to,
Was worth all the ashes, and dust, too.
She went out 'mid hooting and laughter;
Clement Marot stayed; I followed after,
And asked as a grace, what it all meant—
If she wished not the rash deed's recallment?
"For I"—so I spoke—"am a Poet:
Human nature,—behoves that I know it!"

She told me, "Too long had I heard
Of the deed proved alone by the word:
For my love,—what De Lorge would not dare!
With my scorn—what De Lorge could compare!
And the endless descriptions of death
He would brave when my lip formed a breath,
I must reckon as braved, or, of course,
Doubt his word—and moreover, perforce,
For such gifts as no lady could spurn,
Must offer my love in return.
When I looked on the lion, it brought
All the dangers at once to my thought,
Encountered by all sorts of men
Before he was lodged in his den,—
From the poor slave whose club or bare hands
Dug the trap, set the snare on the sands,
With no King and no Court to applaud,
By no shame, should he shrink, overawed,
Yet to capture the creature made shift
That his rude boys might laugh at the gift,—
To the page who last leaped o'er the fence
Of the pit, on no greater pretence
Than recover the bonnet he dropped
Lest his pay for a week should be stopped—
So, wiser I judged it to make
One trial what 'death for my sake'
Really meant, while the power was yet mine,
Than defer it till time should define
Such a phrase not so simply as I,
Who took it to mean just 'to die.'
The blow a glove gives is but weak—
Does the mark yet discolour my cheek?
But when the heart suffers a blow,
Will the pain pass so soon, do you know?"

I looked, as away she was sweeping,
And saw a youth eagerly keeping
As close as he dared to the doorway:
No doubt that a noble should more weigh
His life than befits a plebeian:
And yet, had our brute been Nemean—
(I judge by a certain calm fervor
The youth stepped with, forward to serve her)
He'd have scarce thought you did him the worst turn
If you whispered "Friend, what you'd get, first earn!"
And when, shortly after, she carried
Her shame from the Court, and they married,
To that marriage some happiness, maugre
The voice of the Court, I dared augur.

For De Lorge, he made women with men vie,
Those in wonder and praise, these in envy;
And in short stood so plain a head taller
That the wooed and won . . How do you call her?
The beauty, that rose in the sequel
To the King's love, who loved her a week well;
And 't was noticed he never would honour
De Lorge (who look daggers upon her)
With the easy commission of stretching
His legs in the service and fetching
His wife from her chamber those straying
Sad gloves she was always mislaying,
While the King took the closet to chat in,—
But of course this adventure came pat in;
And never he finished the story,
How bringing the glove brought such glory,
But the wife smiled—"His nerves are grown firmer;
Mine he brings now and utters no murmur!"

Venienti occurrite morbo!
With which moral I drop my theorbo.

Miscellany.

From Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine.

MRS. EDEN'S SIXPENCE.—A STORY FOR SAMARITANS.

It was a little child that had come to beg. But the knock—timid, and hesitating as it was—disturbed the baby, that, after much rocking and soothing, Mrs. Eden had just succeeded in getting into the first sleep. And much displeased with the knock was Mrs. Eden, in consequence, and her mind was fully made up—not only to dismiss the beggar,—if beggar it was—without alms—but to speak a sharp word or two into the bargain. But this last resolution was dismissed before she reached the door—for she encountered a gust of wind in the passage, which made her remember how severe the weather was out in the bleak streets, and opportunely reminded her that Christian charity would not tolerate sharp words, under the circumstances.

Severe enough, God knows, the weather had been for some days. People who had made their calculations, decided, that for seven winters, the thermometer had not fallen so many degrees below the freezing point. Only that morning, within half a mile of Mr. Eden's residence, a girl had been found stone dead—frozen, poor thing, on the door-step of a rich man's house. But the rich man, of course, knew not that she was there—for it is not in the human heart to suffer a fellow-creature to perish with cold and hunger, on a door-step. The rich man had dropped into a sound sleep,—drawing up his limbs in his comfortable, warm bed, unconscious of the tragedy which, so near to him, was witnessed by the awful frost.

When Mrs. Eden had got the door open—which was not easy of accomplishment—for the wind for some minutes, absolutely insisted on keeping it shut, she beheld a little ragged starveling, of what sex she could not determine—small enough to be only six years old—but sufficiently aged in features to be twelve or thirteen—poverty having done the work of time, and laboured at it with good will. Now Mrs. Eden, as we have seen, had determined to bestow no alms. The crying baby still admonished her of the interruption to its slumbers, and as it was a very wakeful baby, indeed, she had to calculate upon a second course of rocking and soothing, before she could lay it on the pillow, and so find an opportunity to prepare her husband's supper. But woman's heart, and a mother's heart, especially, is nature's master-piece of sympathy. And Mrs. Eden, who had little time for reading books, was a great scholar in human faces. God's Gospel, she often said, in her own quaint fashion, was written in children's features—a speech for which she was, on one occasion, taken soundly to task by a local preacher, and distributor of tracts. I believe she was right, notwithstanding. When she had looked only an instant upon the little ragged epicine, and heard the piteous wail which its thin, blue lips uttered, and which resolved itself into some such words as these:—"Have you anything to give a poor child to-night, that 's got no mother, please?" she felt a twinge at the heart, that by some process of association, had reference to a certain sixpence, which was deposited in a pill-box which stood upon the mantelpiece within, and which she had that morning picked up in an adjoining street. It seemed to Mrs. Eden that this waif could not be applied to better use than the relief of the little mendicant. Accordingly, she bestowed the coin upon the child, whose faculty of speech was averted by the magnitude of the alms, and the donor was unthanked. She did not heed the circumstance, for she belonged not to that class of benefactors, who are uneasy if the palate of their benevolence go unrelished by praise.

The child, grasping the coin in its little hand, made quick way to a baker's shop, before whose window, among other hungry, and frost-pinched children, she had stood but a brief while before, eyeing the loaves, that were as hopeless of attainment as the very food of angels. There was one loaf, with its crusty side turned to catch the eye of the passengers, upon which she resolved to expend the sixpence. Now it chanced that the baker was not to be numbered among the kindest of the human family. There was an acidity in his countenance which repelled liking. Some men win favour at a glance. This baker was of a different class. He was *sour* with an emphasis, especially to children, and more particularly to poor children. To do him justice, he was not servile to the rich. He was vinegar, a little diluted, perhaps—but never oil, or butter, or any other unctious substance, though his wealthiest customer was coining gold of standard weight on his desk.

The girl fearlessly entered the shop, and pointed to the loaf which she desired to possess. The baker frowned—to his customary vinegar, and added a copious dash of unripe lemon juice. The child threw down the sixpence.

"That loaf, that' un, there—here in the corner," said the child, eagerly. But the baker, who had taken up the coin, did not hasten to execute the order. He narrowly inspected the coin, and, dissatisfied with the scrutiny, notched it with a file. And then, the full villainy of its being was revealed. The Samaritan gift—good spirits had looked down and blessed it—was a sham. Adjoining the neighbourhood in which the baker resided, a gang of coiners had recently established themselves, and base money was frequently tendered at the shops of the various tradesmen. Twice that day had base sixpences been presented to the baker in exchange for bread. The call upon his time, which the prosecution of the offenders would have demanded, had alone deterred him from such a step, but he inwardly resolved, that on the next occasion, the party should be made an example of. Without any more ado, therefore, he walked to the door, and promised a penny roll to a ragged urchin, for fetching a policeman. The lad darted off, shrieking "police," as he went, and followed by a dozen boys and girls, ragged as himself, and vociferating as loudly.

An officer was soon found. He listened to the baker—examined the coin—and professed to recognize the child as an old hand at that "sort of thing."

"You 'll have to attend to-morrow, Mr. Bulrush," he said, to the baker. "Ten will be the hour. It 's uncertain when 't will come off—but we 'll have consideration for you on account of your business. Bread is dear enough,—ain't it?"

"It will be very inconvenient for me to appear myself," remarked the baker. "I suppose if I send my wife, it will do—won't it?"

The policeman thought otherwise, and grasped the little hand compressed within his own, tighter as he said so. The child uttered a piteous cry of pain, and bade the man release her, that she might take the loaf to her father. At this juncture, the baker's wife entered the shop.

"You are hurting your little girl," she said, to the policeman.

"*My* little girl," said the piqued officer, as he glanced disdainfully at the child. "Thank you," Mrs. Bulrush—my little girl makes a better appearance than a beggar's—my little girl has warm, respectable clothing, and never offers bad money."

"Oh, it 's another case of bad money, is it? Why that makes the third to-day."

"Bad money," cried the child, beginning to cry, as she now first understood her position. "A woman gave it to me. Father sent me out to beg, and told me to buy bread with what I got. I won't go to jail. Please let me go home."

"It may be true, what she says," remarked the baker's wife.

"'T is so young a child, I don't see what 's the use of sending her to prison; except for charity's sake, for I suppose they 'll feed her there. I would let her go—*I* would, Bulrush."

"Why, you see, ma'am, it would n't do to let her go," replied the policeman, "if it 's only on the principle of getting her fed. Why, as a Christian and a mother, Mrs. Bulrush, you must say that prison feeding is better than chance bread. Bless me, she won't know herself when she comes out, she 'll be so plump and fat."

A customer had entered the shop during the officer's speech.

"Why, Mr. Eden," said the baker's lady, "you are a stranger. How 's your respectable wife and the nice baby? Here 's a case of a bad sixpence; a shame, ain't it, to see so young a hand at it?—the third case to-day—tradesmen must be careful."

"Bad money—so young, too—not the first attempt, I suppose?" said Mr. Eden.

"Oh, no—an old hand at it, Sir. I 've had my eye on her this long time," said the policeman.

"I want a half-quartern loaf, Mr. Bulrush—a crusty one, if you have it—that in the window will just suit me; and Mr. Eden pointed to the loaf the child had intended to purchase. When she saw the baker deliver it to his customer, she renewed her crying, and wept more bitterly than ever.

"Well, good night, Bulrush—good night, Mrs. B." said Mr. Eden, turning to depart. "She *is* young—too young for oakum picking—cold night, is n't it?" and he left the shop. The policeman also quitted it, dragging the child along—while Mr. Bulrush put on his great coat, wiped the flour from his face, and prepared to follow him, to make the charge at the station-house.

The baby was asleep before the knocker responded to the application of Mr. Eden's fingers. The supper was in course of preparation—but not ready, and Mr. Eden was a hasty man. But for the little mendicant, baby would have been disposed of, half an hour before, and the sausage would be "keeping warm" upon the hob. Rat-tat-tat.

As it happened, Mr. Eden was in the best possible humour. His employer—he was junior clerk to a merchant firm in the city—had that day taken him confidentially aside, and announced their determination to elevate him to a higher post, and increasing his salary 70*l* annually. He could therefore bear to wait complacently awhile, for his supper. He would run to the nearest tavern for half a pint of the best Scotch whiskey, in which to drink his employer's health. Mrs. Eden had no objection to whiskey—and the sausages would be ready by the time he was returned, and had got his house-coat and slippers on. Meanwhile, the little hungry girl was dismally sobbing in her cell, at the station-house.

"By the by, my dear," said Mr. Eden to his wife, after supper, "when I stepped into Bulrush's for that loaf, he was just giving a miserable child into custody, for attempting to pass a bad sixpence—plenty of base money about—the third bad sixpence offered at Bulrush's to-day. You must be careful of the silver you get in change at the shop."

"Three bad sixpences in one day! What sort of a child was it?"

"Oh, a little, old-fashioned, beggarly-looking thing, with a care-worn, old-looking face. The policeman knew her well—an old hand at that sort of thing."

"It was a girl, then—what sort of bonnet had she on?"

"Bonnet—I—I do n't know whether it was a bonnet or hat—it was squabbed out of all shape. To me she seemed more like a boy than a girl."

"How old do you think this girl was?" said Mrs. Eden, following up the thread of her own reflections.

"Any age between six and fourteen. You seem concerned for her, my dear."

"Concerned, how absurd. Your pipe is on the sideboard. I'm going out a shopping. I've got a few things to get in for to-morrow. If the baby wakes—"

"You ain't going out to-night, my love," said Mr. Eden.

"Yes. I must go. We sha'n't have a candle in the house, when that is burnt out."

"You may bring me in some tobacco. Stay—you may buy me two segars, Mrs. E.—old Cubas—they are three halfpence each, my love."

"Two old Cubas—I won't forget."

She had hastily equipped herself in shawl and bonnet, while she was talking, and only lingered to bid her husband listen for baby's waking, ere she set her nimble feet on the pavement, and turned her face towards the baker's dwelling. Within doors she only half guessed how cold it was without. The freezing wind came hard against her, like a substance. The few persons abroad were wrapped to the teeth—except the poor—and God help them in all weathers! From the baker and his wife she could extract nothing concerning the child, save that she had tendered a bad sixpence, for which Bulrush was determined to punish her. The description of her person strengthened Mrs. Eden's conjectures, and she repaired to the station-house, to see the child.

She had never been in a station-house before, nor had she ever set foot within a Police Court, or Criminal Court. With humanity, as it appears under the awful guises there set, she was unacquainted. The battered, brutal visages she saw there, confronted with the myrmidons of law,—especially the defaced womanhood of those of her own sex, who were under arrest,—filled her with dismay and terror. She could tell her errand to the inspector only with great difficulty. The man was gentle for his office, and willingly acceded to her request, to have the child brought from the cells. Mrs. Eden recognized the child immediately, and the little girl knew her, also.

"You gave me the sixpence—indeed—I did n't know it was a bad 'un. Let me go home to my father," sobbed the child.

"I did, indeed, give her a sixpence only a few minutes before she was taken into custody," said Mrs. Eden.

"If the tradesman chooses not to appear against her, she will be discharged to-morrow by the magistrate," remarked the inspector. "You had better talk to Bulrush, Ma'am."

"Can the child go with me to the shop?" inquired Mrs. Eden.

"No—but if, after examining the sixpence, you are satisfied that it is the coin you gave her, and the baker will withdraw his charge, I will act upon my own responsibility, and let her go," replied the man.

Mrs. Eden had already seen the coin, but was unable to swear that it was the gift she had bestowed on the little beggar. She was a lover of truth. But the appealing face of the meagre child sorely tempted her. And moreover, she felt quite confident that it was the sixpence which she had deposited in the pill-box. Should she stretch a point, and say that she was *quite confident* about the identity of the coin? Certain moral scruples beset her mind, but another glance at the child's face quieted them. God's Gospel of truth was written in those lineaments—as far as the sixpence was concerned—as true as the bright sun was itself a true thing, created by the Author of Truth. She said she *was* confident, and would swear, if they required her. So the inspector sent a policeman to fetch the baker.

The end of it was, that the sour baker, who, as Twelfth Night was coming on, was deep in cakes, and had his time fully occupied, was glad of an excuse for escaping attending on the police court on the morrow, and freely consented to take Mrs. Eden's explanation of the matter. The child was therefore set at liberty, and went to her miserable home—carrying a quartern loaf, and some ready-cooked meat, and a few little "grocery things,"—Mrs. Eden's gifts—for, as she said to the baker's wife, "I can 't help being kind to very little children, when they come to beg—'t is a weakness, but I can 't help it."

Mrs. Eden slept soundly that night, and her repose—she told me this herself, had no reference to Eden's elevation, and the annual addition of seventy pounds to his salary.

From the London Punch.

ELEVATE THE HANGMAN.

One of those milk-and-watery assemblages of sickly sentimentalists that are continually disgusting the manly mind, and nauseating the good old school, took place the other day, at the Eastern Institution, Commercial Road. Having stigmatized them *en masse* as sickly sentimentalists, we need hardly say that their object was the abolition of capital punishment. And yet, was it not a little unsentimental to desire the cutting down of that fine old tree, the Gallows? In the chair, Mr. Brotherton, M. P. who, with reference to the topic under discussion, must needs commit the extreme impropriety of quoting Scripture out of church. But we know who, as well as Mr. Brotherton, can cite Scripture for his purpose. Faugh! As if the precept to love one another were at all incompatible with the practice of hanging one another! as if the profession of Christianity were inconsistent with the profession of Jack Ketch! Nay, as if there were any difficulty in conceiving of a religious hangman.

It is high time that the Church should speak out, and formally acknowledge Ketch for her son. But how? Could he not have an appointed place in cathedrals—a pew, for instance, under the Bishop's throne? Might he not bear a mace, or a wand, or some other emblem of office, before the Dean?

It would be well if, by some means, he could be chartered a gentleman to boot. Why not give him the *entree* to public assemblies—to the Court, the Ancient Concerts, and to Almack's? Provide him—wherefore not?—with an official box at the opera? and let his salary be worth the acceptance of a member of the aristocracy. Hanging must be upheld; therefore, elevate the hangman!

THE KING OF SWEDEN—BERZELIUS—MISS BREMER.

The European correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser, writing, says:

STOCKHOLM, June 18, 1846. At a great Temperance Convention, some of whose meetings we have attended, the King and his mother, the widow of Bernadotte, the Queen and the crown Prince have been present, and each of them has sat for hours listening to debates upon the great and important themes discussed. There, too, we have met many of the noblest of the land, who are not ashamed to promote a cause, which, in our country is too much neglected by those who ought, from their station and influence, to be its warmest advocates.

Dr. Baird came here as the representative of the American Temperance Union, and gladly added our names to the number of those who love and seek to promote this good cause. This is not Dr. Baird's first visit to Sweden. His name is identified with those who have sought to improve the moral condition of these northern nations, and I was pleased to see peasants and nobles thronging alike around him to welcome him here, and to thank him, and through him, the friends of Temperance in America, for what has been done to reform this people.

At this convention we have met Berzelius, the greatest chemist in Sweden, perhaps in the world. As I looked upon him and conversed with him I recalled the many times his name had been quoted as authority by the Professor of Chemistry in my Alma Mater. Berzelius was made a Baron by the late king, but he gives more honour to the title than the title can give to him. I have often regretted that the truly great men of Europe should accept of titles of nobility. Would it not be better for them to show that there may be truly great men without the aid of star or garter? It is a cause of thankfulness that John Milton and John Howard had no other titles than those of poets and philanthropists.

I must not forget to tell you of an interview we have had with our favourite authoress, Miss Bremer. We were fortunate enough to find her at home; to a message we sent, that four Americans would be pleased to call upon her, we received a favourable answer. At the hour which she appointed we went to her house, and found her apparently pleased to see us. She speaks tolerably good English, and, in the course of a half hour's conversation, she made many inquiries about the United States, and spoke with much apparent familiarity of our writers, especially the women who have done so much honour to American literature. Her inquiries concerning social life in our country reminded me of her own pleasing delineations of those scenes in Sweden; and when we spoke to her of the extensive circulation of her works among us, she alluded with much feeling to the kindness of the American people, and expressed the hope that she soon might be permitted to visit us. Miss Bremer is a woman apparently between forty and fifty years of age. Her stature is short, her hair dark, turning to grey, her brow expansive, and her eyes blue. While there is nothing in her features which would be called handsome, there is a pleasing sweetness in her look and conversation, an attractive *homeliness* about all she says and does which cannot fail to please. I shall cherish with care a little scrap of Swedish poetry she sent me, her own composition with her name attached.

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.

The following specimen of Indian eloquence is found in the memoirs of T. L. McKenny, late head of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, a work published some months ago.

Speech of Col. Cobb. Head Mingo of the Choctaws, East of the Mississippi, in reply to the Agent of the United States.

Brother—We have heard your talk as from the lips of our father, the great white chief at Washington, and my people have called upon me to speak to you. The red man has no books, and when he wishes to make known his views, like his father before him, he speaks from his mouth. He is afraid of writing. When he speaks he knows what he says; the Great Spirit hears him. Writing is the invention of the pale faces; it gives birth to errour and to feuds. The Great Spirit talks—we hear him in the thunder—in the rushing winds and the mighty waters—but he never writes.

Brother—When you were young we were strong, we fought by your side, but our arms are now broken. You have grown large; my people have become small.

Brother—my voice is weak; you can scarcely hear me; it is not the shout of a warriour, but the wail of an infant. *I have lost it in wailing over the misfortunes of my people.* These are their graves, and in those aged pines you hear the ghosts of the departed. Their ashes are here, and we have been left to protect them. Our warriours are nearly all gone to the far country west; but here are our dead. Shall we go, too, and give their bones to the wolves?

Brother—Two sleeps have passed since we heard you talk, and we have thought upon it. You ask us to leave our country, and tell us it is our father's wish. We would not desire to displease our father. We respect him, and you his child. But the Choctaw always thinks. We want time to answer.

Brother—Our hearts are full. Twelve winters ago our chiefs sold our country. Every warriour that you see here was opposed to the treaty. *If the dead could have been counted, it could never have been made; but, alas! though they stood around, they could not be seen or heard. Their tears came in the rain-drops, and their voice in the wailing wind, but the pale faces knew it not, and our land was taken away.*

Brother—We do not now complain. *The Choctaw suffers, but never weeps.* You have the strong arm, and we cannot resist; but the pale face worships the Great Spirit. So does the red man. The Great Spirit loves truth. When you took our country you promised us land. There is your promise in the book. Twelve times have the trees dropped their leaves, yet we have received no land. Our houses have been taken from us. The white man's plough turns up the bones of our fathers. We dare not kindle our fires; and yet you said we might remain, and you would give us land.

Brother—Is this *truth?* But we believe, now our great father knows our condition, he will listen to us. We are as mourning orphans in our country; but our father will take us by the hand. When he fulfils his promise, we will answer his talk. He means well. We know it. But we cannot think now. *Grief has made children of us.* When our business is settled, we shall be men again, and talk to our great father about what he has proposed.

Brother—You stand in the moccasins of a great chief, you speak the words of a mighty nation, and your talk was long. My people are small; their shadow scarcely reaches to your knee; they are scattered and gone; *when I shout, I hear my voice in the depth of the woods, but no answering shout comes back.* My words, therefore, are few. I have nothing more to say, but to request you to tell what I have said to the tall chief of the pale faces, whose brother* stands by your side.

*William Tyler, of Virginia, brother of the late President of the United States, one of the Choctaw Commissioners.

From the Christian Non-Resistance.

GETTING ALONG WITH NEIGHBOURS.

BY ADIN BALLOU.

I once had a neighbour, who, though a clever man, came to me one day, and said, "Esquire White, I want you to come and get your geese away." "Why," said I, "what are my geese doing?" "They pick my pigs' ears when they are eating, and drive them away, and I will not have it." "What can I do?" said I. "You must yoke them." "That I have not time to do now," said I; "I do not see but they must run." "If you do not take care of them, I shall," said the clever shoemaker, in anger. "What do you say, Esquire White?" "I cannot take care of them now, but I will pay you for all damages." "Well," said he, "you will find that a hard thing, I guess."

So off he went, and I heard a terrible squalling among the geese. The next news from the geese was, that three of them were missing. My children went, and found them terribly mangled and dead, and thrown into the bushes.

"Now," said I, "all keep still, and let me punish him." In a few days the shoemaker's hogs broke into my corn. I saw them, but let them remain a long time. At last I drove them all out, and picked up the corn which they had torn down, and fed them with it in the road. By this time the shoemaker came in great haste after them.

"Have you seen anything of my hogs?" said he. "Yes, Sir, you will find them yonder, eating some corn which they tore down in my field." "In your field?" "Yes, Sir," said I, "hogs love corn, you know—they were made to eat." "How much mischief have they done?" "O, not much, said I.

Well, off he went to look, and estimated the damage to be equal to a bushel and a half of corn.

"Oh, no," said I, "it can't be." "Yes," said the shoemaker, "and I will pay you every cent of damage." "No," replied I, "you shall pay me nothing. My geese have been a great trouble to you."

The shoemaker blushed, and went home. The next Winter, when we came to settle, the shoemaker determined to pay me for my corn. "No," said I, "I shall take nothing."

After some talk, we parted; but in a day or two, I met him on the road, and fell into conversation in the most friendly manner. But when I started on, he seemth loath to move, and I paused. For a moment both of us were silent. At last he said, "I have something labouring on my mind." "Well, what is it?" "Those geese. I killed three of your geese, and I shall never rest until you know how I feel. I am sorry." And the tears came into his eyes.

"O, well," said I, "never mind, I suppose my geese were provoking."

I never took anything of him for it; but whenever my cattle broke into his field after that, he seemed glad—because he could show how patient he could be.

"Now," said the narrator, "conquer yourself, and you can conquer with kindness where you can conquer in no other way."

From the Thursday Messenger.

PAINTING BY A NEGRO ARTIST.

A letter from Cincinnati notices very favourably some portrait painting and fancy pieces from the pencil of a Negro, who has had no instruction or knowledge of the art, and they are really beautiful. "One fancy piece I was much struck with, a fruit and vegetable basket. The negro painter was conveying home to his family a large basket filled with every variety of vegetables and fruit. As he reached home, the old wicker basket parted at one of its sides, and out tumbled the good provender. This suggested the idea of the picture of the painter, which is correctly and beautifully drawn. I saw these works in company with a lady from Nashville, in whose family the wife of the artist was reared and brought up as a slave. She requested her former mistress and patron saint to accept two of the paintings, in testimony of the kind treatment always received at her hands—the mistress looked at her and said that she did not think she would be doing right in accepting these efforts of her husband, that they might be disposed of for money, and $25 would be of great use to her and her family. The woman burst into tears, and said, "what do I care for $25? I would rather you would have the paintings, than that I should receive $500;" and she added that if her mistress did not take them, she would be forced to believe that she placed no value upon them. I turned from this scene between the mistress and her slave, and asked myself wherein do the kindly feelings of gratitude which flow from the heart and throb in the bosom of the Negro, differ from those of the white race?"

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PAPERS.

EXPERIMENTAL ABOLITION OF CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.—We have heard, from a quarter likely to be well informed on the subject, that the Duke of Wellington is not averse to a clause being introduced into the Mutiny Act for 1847, abolishing corporal punishment in all the regiments and depots serving in Great Britain and Ireland, for *one year*; but that the troops serving in the colonies are not to get the benefit of this experiment. It is said that a stop will be put to "drumming out," and that *notoriously bad characters*, instead of being turned loose to increase the multitude of thieves and vagabonds throughout the empire, will be transported.—*London paper.*

A letter from Rome, of July 26, says:—"A picture of Michael Angelo, and another of Raphael, have just been discovered here: the first, representing the placing of Christ in the tomb, and the other the portrait of the celebrated Cardinal del Monte, similar to the fresco in the Vatican. Both works were purchased amongst a number of old, valueless pictures. One by Mr. M 'Call, a young Scotch painter; and the other by Mr. Cardeni, a broker."

LORD AND LADY.—Lord and Lady are words of Saxon origin. Lord is front La-ford, (loaf-giver,) and he was so called from maintaining at his own expense a number of retainers or dependents. Lady is called Laf-dian (loaf-server), because she cut and served round the bread to the guests.

SYMPATHY FOR CRIMINALS.—The *form* in which sympathy with criminals gets manifested is often disgusting enough. There is nothing to be said of pic-nic parties to the scene of a horrid murder; to the relics of hanged scoundrels being sought and paid for at a higher rate than the relics of saints and martyrs were in old times; nor to irreverent, and almost blasphemous exhibitions of the "happy death" and "hopeful end" of miscreants, at whose crimes we feel a horrour. All that sort of thing is an unutterable abomination; still, there must be a *cause*; it could not exist, except in right of being a genuine sentiment, a protest of the deep sympathy between man and man—the voice of the universal brotherhood, which makes us all one nature. It is the beginning of a better spirit. Formerly, when judicial torture was part of the administration of justice, criminals were not regarded as human beings—they were only an impersonation of evil deeds to be expiated in their person. It was in accordance with the secret desire of seeing vengeance taken on an evil deed, which lies at the bottom in all human hearts, and the natural cowardice, which, even more than moral reprobation, instigates barbarous punishments; each one hoped that thereby the evil might be frightened from his own door; as a farmer nails up a dead kite over his barn, that his poultry may dwell safe under its shadow. Of late, the feeling has been gaining ground that no man, however bad, ought to be put to death. The cowardly, selfish impulse which made men formerly anxious to put away criminals, as the most compendious mode of preventing further danger, in the fear lest their own turn should come next, has given place to a better spirit.—*Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine.*

LUXURIOUS TRAVELLING.—The travellers on the Dutch railroads being much annoyed by the dust during the hot weather, an expedient has been devised for the purpose of preventing annoyance by attaching a car pierced with holes behind the tender. The car is filled with ice, which, being melted during the journey, effectually lays the dust.

THE LEADERS OF THE LEAGUE.—At a Court of Common Council, held on Wednesday, Mr. Ashurst gave notice of a motion for the next Court-day—"That the thanks of the Court, and the freedom of the city, in gold boxes of the value of one hundred guineas each, be presented to Richard Cobden, the Honourable Charles Villiers, John Bright, and Colonel Thompson, for their eminent public services." Also, "That the thanks of the Court be given to Sir Robert Peel, Bart. for his eminent public services in introducing and supporting the bills for the repeal of the Corn-laws, and for the reduction of taxation." These notices were received with marked applause.

VEGETABLE PAPERS.—At the paper works of Messrs. Kennnemann Brothers, established about three years ago at Aspach le Point, (Haut Rhin,) vegetable substances of all kinds, particularly burweed, hay, dried potato stems, &c. are advantageously employed in the place of rags in the manufacture of paper. The papers of this firm are remarkable for their tenacity, and particularly well adapted for packing purposes.

EFFECTS OF THE PAPAL AMNESTY.—A Frankfort journal states, that by the late amnesty of the Pope, no less than 6,000 persons have been enabled to return to their homes. At Rome alone, 900 persons were set at liberty.

THE COBDEN NATIONAL FUND.—The amount of subscriptions to this fund, sent to the Secretary, in Manchester, now considerably exceeds £40,000.

SCOTT, THE NOVELIST.—Of all novelists, Scott, perhaps, most happily attains the mean between amusement and instruction. Without pandering to the follies and vices of humanity, he stimulates curiosity, and makes reflection a delight. He deals with human machinery in such a way as to invest his tales with the stateliness and probability of history herself. You are not wandering in the clouds of Germanic mysteries—you hold no converse with sentimental demons, or talented imps; the ruddy face of England and the flaxen locks of the Northern sister, are not more faithfully represented than the manly independence of the one, or the impulsive energy of the other. On such an arena, he gives the reins to a fancy tempered by the overmastering power of reason, and rendered solid by historic lore. With a genius only inferior to Shakspeare, in the creation or reproduction of human society, he invests his characters with the true air of poetic illusion. They are men who breathe like ourselves, whose existence seems not improbable to us, but are, at the same time, infinitely superiour in their attributes to the common run of men. They are, in fact, true poetic characters. Scott seldom violates the rule which makes the principal subject of a tale a *hero*, and all his attendants heroic. The attention of mankind must be won by something rich and strange before it can be instructed.—*Union Magazine.*

THE REPEAL ASSOCIATION.—Conciliation Hall, on Monday last, presented a dreary appearance, in consequence of the secession of so many members of the Young Ireland party. In Mr. O'Connell's speech, he expressed his regret that Government had introduced a renewed Arms Bill, although he said this bill differed from the last, and if the Government intended to pass it, he would obtain an immense number of petitions against it. After deprecating some demonstrations of the Catholics in Cavan, Mr. O'Connell hinted that he already saw signs of differences of opinion on the subject of "Justice to Ireland," and then detailed several measures which, in his opinion, the Government ought to adopt. A report of the committee was read, declaring that the Repeal Association would not, in any way, concur in patronizing the *Nation* newspaper.

THE DRINKER'S EXCUSES.—The drinker's excuses are innumerable. If it were any use to attempt an enumeration, we should say that they run—1st. That it is ungentlemanly to pass the bottle. 2dly. That it is the anniversary of his wedding-day, of his marriage with his first wife. 3dly. That his heart is *almost* broken. 4thly. That he only drinks at night to enable him to relish his plain glass of porter the next day. 5thly. That he has one wife and six children weighing heavily upon his mind. 6thly. That he is writing a volume of poems. 7thly. That these are not times for a patriot to flinch from supporting the revenue. 8thly. That his heart is *quite* broken. 9thly. That he cannot tell whether it is to be a girl or a boy. 10thly. That he means to start for America, being sick of the United States in England, &c.—*Laman Blanchard.*

MR. ELIHU BURRITT.—On Monday evening last, "the learned blacksmith" of Massachusetts, delivered an eloquent lecture at the Manchester Athenæum, on "The Philosophy of Labour." He did so at the earnest solicitation of numerous friends there, who wished in this way to give him a sort of public introduction to the community: and his subject selected as being, in his present delicate health, far less exciting to him than his favourite theme of "peace." There was a very good audience, not fewer than five hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen, including many members of the Society of Friends, being present. His lecture occupied two hours in the delivery.

THE "LETTER PADLOCK" AN ANTIQUE.—Amongst a number of small articles of the Roman period, discovered near Gloucester, and exhibited by Mr. Pornell to the Archæological Association, at their recent meeting there, was a *letter* padlock, hitherto supposed to be a modern invention.—*The Builder.*

IMPALEMENT IN THE EAST.—On the 17th of July, I was walking out of one of the gates of Latakia, about eight in the morning, when I came suddenly on a man who had been impaled an hour or two before, and was now dead, but still transfixed by the stake, which, as I saw on approaching him, came out about the sixth rib on the right side; but I was so shocked at this unexpected sight, that it was some minutes before I could recover myself sufficiently to go up to him. The stake, planted upright, seemed to be scarcely sharp, and was somewhat thicker than a hoop-pole. I was told that it was forced up the body by repeated blows of a mallet, the malefactor having been bound on his face to a heavy packsaddle, and an incision being made with a razor to facilitate the entrance of the stake. The body, yet alive, was set upright in a rude manner; for the Turks preserve no decorum in executions: from pity for his sufferings, after being a short time in this position, he was shot. His shirt, which was afterwards set on fire, in burning singed the whole of his back; and thus he was left for two days.—His crime was said to be the stealing of a bullock, and the murder of one of his pursuers. Jewish, Christian, Druze, and Ansary criminals are alone subjected to this horrible punishment. Turks are beheaded.—*Traveller.*

From the London Punch.